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Vol. XXXVIII. No. 1014. TWOPENCE.

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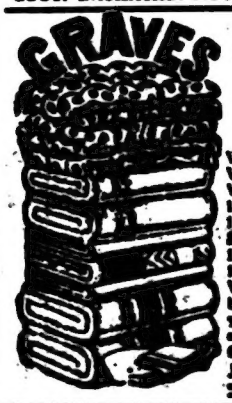

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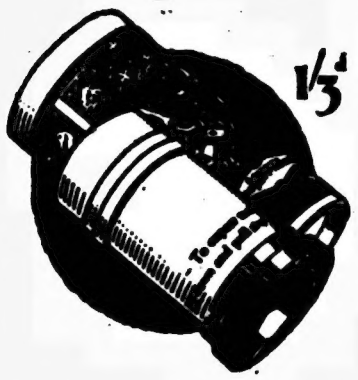

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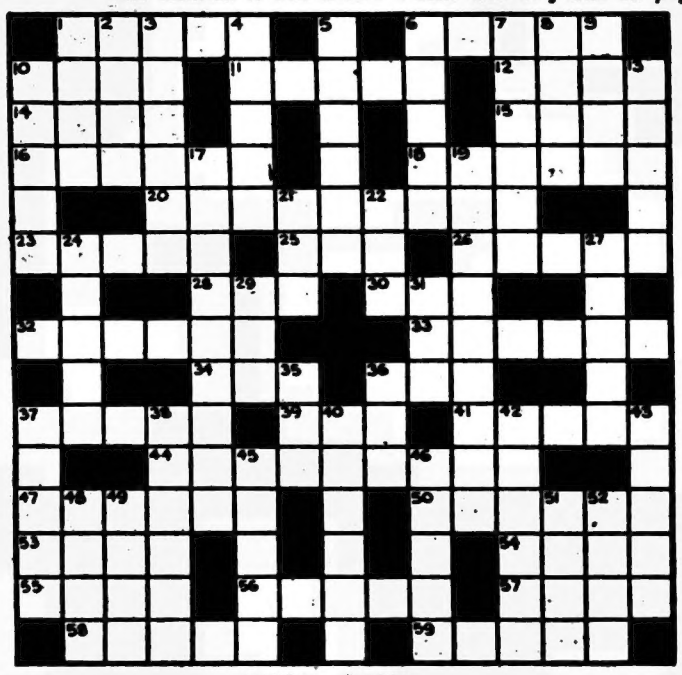
Our Crossword Corner

Here's a Good Tip

HIDDEN in this puzzle is what "Silver Ring" considers to be the best thing for the Newbury Autumn Handicap, run on November 7. Curiously enough it is No. 7 down, and as seven is reputed to be a lucky number it ought to be a good thing. You will get it when you have built up the surrounding words.

The solution to last week's Puzzle will be found on page 6.



ACROSS CLUES

1. Watered silk.
6. Centre.
10. Name of a person or thing.
11. French river.
12. Semi-tropical plant.
14. Compass point.
15. A jot.
16. To settle in special descent.
18. To arch slightly.
20. Easiness of belief.
23. Comes at Christmas.
25. Affirmative.
26. Sweetened water and liquor.
28. Pronoun.
30. Western river.
32. Comfort.
33. Go on board
34. Wrath.
36. Serpent.
37. Indian term of respect.
39. Floor covering.
41. Famous opera.
44. Swollen.
47. Begrudged.
50. Principles.
53. A rush.
54. Fruit of blackthorn.
55. Companion.
56. Proficient.
57. Place.
58. Graves.
59. Sudden twitching.

DOWN CLUES

1. Audible lament.
2. Force out.
3. Whole.
4. Bird of prey
5. Being added.
6. French for "thanks."
7. The best for Newbury Autumn Handicap.
8. Mire.
9. To carry.
10. Wants.
13. In the beginning.
17. Easily angered.
19. Tried.
21. Stain.
22. Order.
24. Odour.
27. Style of architecture.
29. Possessive pronoun.
31. Affirmative.
35. Printers' measure.
36. Consumed.
37. Specie of whale.
38. In the same place.
40. Made reparation.
42. Black Sea port.
43. Property.
45. Notions.
46. Disturbances.
48. Tidy.
49. Prohibit.
51. Mountains.
52. Weaving machine.

Another fine Cross-word Puzzle in "The People" on Sunday.

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WORMS CURED.—Artico Brand Worm Tablets are a Specialist's positive and permanent cure. They cure most violent cases by calmly destroying the very cause of the worm's existence. No fasting, no dieting, no interference with daily habits. Send 1/6 for generous supply or 1½d. stamp for Free Pamphlet.—Rhyard Tablet Co., 34-38, Codnor, Derbs.

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HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine remedy proved by testimonials.—Write The Stanley Institute (J.B.), 21, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

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AGENTS WANTED.

"FREEMAN'S Spare-Time Agency.—See Large Advert. on page 35.

AGENTS, CHRISTMAS CARDS. The CITY Series this year excels all previous issues. Highest COMMISSION. LOWEST PRICES. Album FREE. See it at our expense. Earn £5 to £50 WITHOUT OUTLAY and share in our £2,000 PRIZE SCHEME.—Dept. 169, Private Xmas Card Manufacturing Co., Blackfriars street, Manchester.

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SPECIFICATION. CABINET in brilliantly polished light oak finish, has daintily carved fretwork front artistic lily draped in satin. Sides and back have recessed panels, 8-in. high by 16-in. wide. Two sound-modulating doors are nicely bevelled and fitted with oxidised beaded knobs, piano hinges and counter-sunk twin ball metal fasteners. TURNTABLE: plush covered 10-in. top, richly nickelled edge, affords expensive brake space for start and stop lever MOTOR: Very latest type and British made throughout with diagonally-cut gears and large size drum driven from cold steel, embracing 11-in. perfectly tempered steel spring motor to two 12-in. records at one winding. Accurately balanced governors ensure uniform speed control. SOUND BOX: Super-sensitive Reproducer with best mica diaphragm, reinforced with rubber gaskets, yields an immense volume of sound which is greatly intensified by an internal wood SOUND CHAMBER of massive proportions. TONE-ARM of new tapered type, nickel silver plated, has patent lift-up swan neck attachment to facilitate needle changing. NICKEL SILVER NEEDLE CUP is sunk in motor board. ADJUSTABLE TIME INDICATOR with figured dial instantly regulates the tempo. CRANK WIND: at right-hand side has polished wood handle.

"Bullets" Prize-winners

(Continued from page 39)

£5 Prize-winners—*continued:*

F. JAMES, 157, Malefant Street, Cardiff.
INVITING TROUBLE—BEAUTY DOCTOR PUBLISHING TESTIMONIAL.

M. McGILL, 19, Terrace Road, Greenock.
LIFE OF LEISURE—MUCH ABOUT, DOING NOTHING.

S. T. PRITCHARD, Claremont Cottages, Brounhills, Nr. Walsall.
WHAT THE WAG SAID—"MOTOR-CAR *Will* LAST LIFETIME!"
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

A. F. TIMES, 30, Minford Gardens, West Kensington, London, W.
CUT SHORT—ROAD-HOG'S SECONDS—VICTIM'S YEARS.

10 Prizes of £2 10s. each:

Mrs. M. BELLERBY, "Wilwyn" Park Estate, Haxby, York.
WHAT HE DIDN'T SAY—MADE AUNT MAIDEN AUNT.

Mrs. K. CARR, 136, Eastney Road, Milton Market, Portsmouth.
DAY OFF—HOSE THREATENED HENPECK WIFE.

J. DOHERTY, 1, Lower Road, Londonderry.
MARRIED YESTERDAY—"GOOD-BYE"—YOU'RE NATURALISED NOW!"

R. B. HOPWOODE, c/o 92, Hillgrove, Pontypool.
WHAT IS A PRISON?—REWARD FOR "CONSPICUOUS *Meanness*."

V. B. JENKINS, Military Hospital, Stirling, N.B.
WHAT NEIGHBOURS THINK—SAVING MISERLY—GENEROSITY SUSPICIOUS.

W. H. JONES, 24, Folkestone Road, Dover.
INVITING TROUBLE—BEING CHAIRED, FIREWORK DAY.

A. D. MICHIE, 9, Spylaw Road, Merchiston, Edinburgh.
WHY HE WAS SACKED—DIAMOND-POLISHER TOOK WORK HOME.

Miss E. MILLS, Chapel Lane, Appleton, Warrington.
POLICEMAN'S MISTAKE—THOUGHT BIBLE "BLARNEY STONE."

R. A. PUGH, "Hibernia," 169, West Road, Westcliff-on-Sea.
WISE GIRL—NEVER WORRIES OVER *Trifles*.

W. UNDERWOOD, 60, Bishopthorpe Road, York.
LIFE OF LEISURE—ON THE *Upward* ROAD.

100 Prize-winners of £1:

J. Adams, 125, Gawthorne St., New Basford, Nottingham; N. Asquith, 9, Oddfellow St., Scholes, Cleckheaton; A. J. Beckrath, 5, Washington St., Nottingham; Mrs. E. V. Bailey, 34, Wigston Rd., Plaistow, E.; P. Baker, 89, South Park Rd., Wimbledon, S.W.; Mrs. J. Beadnell, 58½, Victoria Terr., Bedlington, North'd; C. Beaumont, 1, Bosworth St., Openshaw, M/c.; Miss E. Bebb, 117, Whitecross St., Derby; M. J. Bolton, Market Pl., Wragby, Lincoln; E. J. Bennett, 19, Stoneby Drive, New Brighton; F. Benstead, 40, Uffington, Stamford, Lincs.; L. Bibby, 8, Westwell Rd., Chorley; J. J. Black, 22, Westminster Av., Hull; Miss E. Campbell, 18, Magdalene St., Glastonbury, Som.; S. A. Carter, "Mona Villa," Haddenham, Cambs.; Mrs. F. Chambers, 21, Midsummer St., Blackburn; S. O. Clayton, 122, Crofton Park Road, Brockley, S.E.; F. J. Cooper, 3, River Row, Lr. Pontnewydd, Nr. Newport, Mon.; Miss L. Dale, Marsden Terr., Guiseley, Leeds; Mrs. G. A. Dean, 48, Alexandra Road, Chatham; W. J. Dempster, 45, Kilvey Rd., St. Thomas, Swansea; Miss E. Denny, Parkside, Caterham; D. J. Devlin, 3, West Royd, Hipperholme, Nr. Halifax; J. W. Duffus, 13, Argyll Pl., Aberdeen; W. Duncan, 338, High St., Gateshead; W. Dunmore, 15, Mess, H.M.S. Royal Oak, c/o G.P.O. London; T. H. Emerton, 130, Stanley Rd., Nottingham; G. D. Evans, 3, Railway Cotts., Wembley; D. J. Floyd, 3, Penlan Terr., Gorslas, Llanelly; P. Forsyth, Fountain Hall, Midlothian; D. F. Fuller, Oxton, Yarmouth Rd., Oulton Broad, Lowestoft; E. S. Gedge, 2, Marine Gdns., Eastbourne; P. A. Gerity, 4, Hey St., Cleethorpes; J. Goode, 23, Co-operation St., Failsworth, M/c.; T. Gough, 4, Woodland St., Harpurhey, M/c.; F. Greenbank, 41, Oulton Rd., Lowestoft; J. Greenwood, 144, Dellman St., Vauxhall, B'ham; Mrs. M. Hall, 1, Abbey St., Leigh, Lancs.; A. Hall, 94, Blenheim Rd., Deal; J. Hardacre, 33, Kettlingborne, Higher Walton, Nr. Preston; A. H. Hardy, 150, Woolwich Rd., Greenwich, S.E.; C. H. Hazel, 90, Briar Way, Fishponds, Bristol; J. Higginson, 43, Station St. West, Coventry; R. Hill, 3, Fernhurst Cres., Folkestone; W. Horne, 19, Station Rd., Beccles, Suffolk; S. Hulme, c/o Trentabank New Works, Langley, Nr. Macclesfield; A. Hunt, 63, Robinson St., Chadderton, Oldham; T. Hughes, 15, X Row, Low Blantyre, Lanarkshire; H. Ive, Fernwell Station, Cornwall; F. James, 157, Malefant St., Cardiff; J. James, 5, Townsley St., West Stanley, Co. Durham; J. Johnston, 4, Chapel St., Carlisle; J. C. Jones, 14, White St., Caerphilly, Glam.; R. H. Jones, 2, Greenfield Terr., Cwmbach, Aberdare; J. R. Lewis, 3, Lewington Rd., Fishponds, Bristol; M. R. Low, 55, Barnside St., Troon, Ayrshire; R. J. Lush, 391, Brockley Rd., Crofton Park, S.E.; Miss A. B. MacDonnell, Green St., Dingle, Co. Kerry; Mrs. McIlroy, 206, Donegall Av., Belfast; J. H. Marfell, 8, York Pl., Newport, Mon.; C. W. Marriott, 13, Gladstone St., Basford, Nottingham; G. H. Martin, West Winch Rd., King's Lynn; C. Middleton, Heage Rd., Ripley, Derby; Miss M. L. Mitchell, Mobaigh House, Oban; P. Monkman, 34, Jesmond Av., Bradford; Mrs. A. Moore, Keston, Wavering Rd., Hoxdford; H. A. Moorhead, 22, Moorland Cres., Newcastle; F. H. Moss, Old Botley, Oxford; E. J. Mudd, 28, Campbell St., Anlaby Rd., Hull; F. Pagefield, 55, Spring Gdns., M/c; R. D. Parry, 7, Edinburgh Rd., Liverpool; H. Pearson, 11, Birch Complex, Quarry Bk., Brierley Hill, Staffs; J. Phillips, 19, Queen St., Maesteg, Glam.; G. Preston, 25, Prince St., Brow, Haworth, Nr. Keighley; S. J. Purvis, 14, Manville Rd., New Brighton, Ches.; D. Quinn, 30, Wilson St., Hillhead, Glasgow; J. L. Reynolds, "Kenwyn," Heath Drive, Potters Bar; W. W. Ritchie, 1, Argyle Cres., Portobello, Edinburgh; W. Robinson, 108a, Dame Agnes St., Nottingham; E. Rothera, 4, Albert St., Union Rd., Hecklemondwike; E. Shayman, 139, Station Rd., Earnston, Northampton; R. E. Simon, 19, Beatrice Rd., Leicester; J. Singleton, "Kia-ora," Blackbull Lane, Broughton, Lancs.; C. Smith, 43, Norfolk Market, Sheffield; Mrs. E. Stark, Bounie Rigg, Bardon Mill, North'd; W. H. Vartan, 5, Stanley Rd., Harringay, N.; J. Vickers, 26, South St., Derby; G. A. Vincent, Bleak House, Cambeiley; H. V. Wain, Off. Cit. H.M.S. Velox, c o G.P.O. London; J. Wainman, 4, Gladys Terr., Walcott St., Hessle Rd., Hull; Miss G. N. Walker, 22, Tramway Av., Leyton, Edmonton; J. E. Walker, 26, Buer Rd., London, S.W.; W. Wall, 42, Gt. Percy St., London, W.C.; T. Walpole, 91, Westminster Rd., Handsworth, B'ham; M. A. Warner, 43, Cunningham St., Middlesbrough; J. Watters, 45, Boyd St., Govanhill, Glasgow; A. C. Webb, 13, King John St., Swindon; R. C. Westlake, 1, Alfred St., Cardiff; F. G. White, 16, Somerville Rd., Bishopston, Bristol; H. Wilde, 93, Hampden Rd., Bolton.

TURKEY WINNERS.—A complete list of the Turkey Winners in Competition No. 570 will be sent on receipt of a halfpenny stamped and addressed envelope. This list, together with 200 £1 Prize-winners will also be published in next week's "Competitors' Journal." A list of all Cash and other Prize-winners can be seen at the offices of "John Bull."

SPECIAL NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.

Cheques for £10, £5 and £2 respectively will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the winners of the First Three "Bullets" Prizes in Competition No. 561 have purchased their copies of "John Bull."

The original cheque for £250 awarded to the First Prize-winner in "Bullets" Competition No. 570 can now be seen in the window of Mr. A. Broadbent, 9, Aston Road, North, Birmingham.

"BULLETS" RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what is the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor is the best Bullet received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon, and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL, and crossed & Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

3. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

4. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

Employees of Odhams Press are not eligible to compete.

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Did YOU Find It?

Solution to the Cross-word puzzle published in our last issue. The hidden phrase is "John Bull Certified Net Paid Sale over One Million Copies weekly."

This week's Cross-word puzzle is on page 4.

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C.1021

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Pennies Only.
Mr. Baldwin's Economy C
fight tooth and nail to ac
"Naval economies" merely
submarines and harbour t
dropping the cruiser progra
into scores of millions. The
the Admiralty's might.

Spare Not that Axe.
The Locarno settlement
for maintaining vast ho
limpets at the Admiralt
Under the rule of a Gov
economy, the axe should
sword.

Estimate Wanted.
Mr. Churchill estimates
the country at £500,000,00
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A Man-sized Job.
The Rt. Hon. E. F. L. W
—prove a wise appointmen
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would send an untried ma
crisis?

Plot against Percy.
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Week ending Saturday
Nov. 7, 1925 Twopence
Vol. XXXVIII. No.1,014

JOHN BULL

For the People—the Right to Justice and Truth.

The Paper on which the Sun never Sets.

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A Very Tragic Comedy ... ... p. 20
The Jail-Bird Factory ... ... p. 24
Another Jack Cornwell ... ... p. 26
The Doctor's Dilemma ... ... p. 30

Wriggling on the Hook ... ... p. 19

The WORLD, *the* FLESH *& the* DEVIL

Pennies Only.

Mr. Baldwin's Economy Committee will have to fight tooth and nail to achieve anything. The "Naval economies" merely mean scrapping a few submarines and harbour tenders. No hint of dropping the cruiser programme, which will run into scores of millions. The Admiralty mite shows the Admiralty's might.

Spare Not that Axe.

The Locarno settlement destroys any excuse for maintaining vast hordes of brass-hatted limpets at the Admiralty and War Office. Under the rule of a Government pledged to economy, the axe should be mightier than the sword.

Estimate Wanted.

Mr. Churchill estimates the saving powers of the country at £500,000,000 a year. What taxpayers most desire is an estimate of the saving powers (if any) of the Government.

A Man-sized Job.

The Rt. Hon. E. F. L. Wood may—or may not—prove a wise appointment. But what Government with any real sense of its responsibilities would send an untried man to tackle the Indian crisis?

Plot against Percy.

Cabinet die-hards were anxious that Lord Eustace Percy should be offered the Viceroyship of India, not because they wish to honour him, but because he is a too dangerously progressive Education Minister.

Job for the Duke?

It had been suggested that if Lord Eustace accepted, his brother, the Duke of Northumberland, might be offered the vacant Cabinet portfolio, but it is doubtful if, even to placate the die-hards, Mr. Baldwin would have committed such a "howler."

Pacemaking.

Following the scheme for a sort of nationalisation of agricultural land, Mr. Lloyd George tilts with passion against the land profiteers' stranglehold on town populations. On the fateful question of the land, Mr. Lloyd George sets the pace, though not the policy.

Small Indeed.

Meanwhile the Minister of Agriculture announces "a small Bill" to deal with small holdings. County Councils are to be made responsible, though they have shown that they cannot or will not do the work. That, so far, is the Government's sole response to Mr. Lloyd George's challenge to give the people "life and more abundantly."

'Ware Damascus.

The bloody ferment confronting France in Syria warns Britain to get out of Irak. Yet some maniacs suggest that France might now be glad to hand over her Syrian "mandate" to us. Luckily French pride will give no chance for even Mr. Amery to propose such folly.

France's Crisis.

The French Cabinet upset was due to the fact that no French politician save Caillaux dare face the odium of putting the country's finances in order by taxation—not to speak of wire-pulling by bankers. While that is so, financial and Cabinet crises will come again and again. The franc needs frankness.

Swords into Ploughshares.

To the one-time death-dealing manufactory of Krupps has gone a Russian order for agricultural machinery to the value of 11,000,000 marks. When every armament factory changes likewise sanity will be restored to the world.

A Super-War Minister.

The Cabinet Economy Committee is to consider a scheme for amalgamating the Army, Navy and Air Force under a "Minister of Defence." To have three war Ministers and only one for education is a painful commentary upon civilisation.

A Glaring Mistake.

Australia, refused a loan in this country, turned to America. Wall Street, jumping at the chance, lent her £15,000,000. Empire building according to Churchill's plan is a losing game—and business men this side of the water are beginning to lose faith in the Chancellor.

Spragging the Wheels.

Fake economists are at the old game. They are starting a campaign for drastic reduction in national expenditure on education. They won't succeed. The day for penny-wise pound-foolish policy is past.

Red Herrings.

Sane men, remembering the "war to end war," will not be turned from watching armament expenditure by stories of education costing too much. To promote prosperity, preserve peace, and pursue an upward course the nation needs educated citizens. That's enough.

Swift Action.

The ultimatum issued by the League of Nations to Greece and Bulgaria is a world service. Small madcap nations with a love of fighting cannot be allowed to spring these leaks. There's a new spirit in Europe. It's time the Balkan States heard of it.

JOHN BULL pays another £250 Death Benefit

See page 2

Another Lift.

Orders for plant and machinery required for electrification of the Great Indian Peninsula Railway are likely to come to this country. £5,000,000 is involved. There's promise of work and prosperity for thousands.

Brighter Christmases.

Record cotton crops, as we foretold last week, will lead to full time running in Lancashire weaving sheds. With looms working at 100 per cent. capacity the bairns' stockings should not be hanging empty on Christmas Eve. And, if we know Lancashire, they won't be.

Money at Morton's.

Messrs. Francis Morton and Co., Liverpool, have contracts for structural steelwork amounting to close on £200,000. Between three and four hundred men will be busy for nearly six months. A good start for better times in the whole district.

Our Honest Bakers.

Bakers selling the 4-lb. loaf at 8d. inform the Food Council that they will produce figures to prove they do so at a fair profit. They deserve "white listing." Names, please!

A Burden on the Nation.

The New Health Society with its three ex-Premiers will find plenty to do in dispelling ignorance and strengthening the food, factory and housing laws. It is true that preventable ill-health costs the nation every year more than the National Debt.

Spilling the Beans.

When the *Lancet* alleges carelessness in hospital treatment of accidents it is time for hospital governors to sit up and take notice. Our contemporary's allegations must be thoroughly sifted if public confidence is to be restored.

Hovels for Heroes.

At Portsmouth nine families, comprising forty persons, exist in one ten-roomed house. Seven cases of diphtheria have been reported from the place. This is the coming Nemesis for similar conditions everywhere. A hint which the Ministry of Health would do well to take.

Coke Caulkers.

Coke is being fraudulently watered to increase weight. Sacks which should weigh 112 lbs. vary from 84 to 90 lbs. This is robbing the poorest. Legislation to stop the scandal must not be delayed.

The Sinners.

As usual, middlemen do the roguery. They draw from gasworks, which sell by strict weight, divide the coke into sacks and "treat" it. A dose of prison is the only way to stop the ramp.

The WORLD, the FLESH & the DEVIL

Our Four-footed Friends.

When Mr. James Hewitt, a Blackburn gardener, lay ill, his faithful Airedale terrier refused to leave him day or night. When he died Prince refused food, and in spite of utmost care, pined and died, deliberately following his master to the grave. Such instances of fidelity are the most powerful condemnation of magisterial leniency to cruelty to animals.

Punishment Well Earned.

Albert Scott Williamson King, a despicable wretch of Hull, found his chief amusement in knocking his unhappy wife about. The climax came when he beat her about the head and face with a red-hot poker. We hope the two months' hard labour which he had to pay for this last piece of entertainment will prove a lesson to him.

York Shylocks.

The most scandalous profiteering in houses is going on at York. In one instance a house of a gross rental of £20, let in rooms to unfortunate tenants, brings in £208 yearly. Many of the sufferers from this inquisition are recipients of relief, which, in effect, puts the whole burden on the guardians. Decontrolled or not, such cases are a direct call for Government action.

Poison Purveyors.

Maggoty, decomposed rabbits, one showing signs of parasitic disease, were what William B. Hurst, a Darwen dealer, offered Bolton housewives as food. Had Hurst been compelled to eat the putrid stuff on the market-place he could not have complained. Sellers of dangerous food ought to consider themselves lucky when they escape by payment of a fine, even one of £10.

Sensible Wedding Present.

Oswestry's serious housing problem is at last being solved, and on common-sense lines, the Corporation advancing 90 per cent. of the purchase money in respect of which £100 subsidy has been paid. "A wedding present to every man and woman who is prepared to get married," says Alderman Plumer. An encouragement to thrift other Corporations should copy.

False Charge.

It is all very well to say that the victim of a police blunder "leaves the court without a stain on his character," but this is not good enough. As soon as Arthur Green, a printer, stepped into the dock at Old Street, charged with theft, it was perfectly evident that by no stretch of possibility could he have been guilty of the crime. A citizen so exonerated has a strong claim to redress.

Belated Enquiry.

There seems to be a genuine objection on the part of some local councils to the payment of a living wage, and officials in the employ of the Thetford Guardians have had their modest salaries reduced since 1922. The Ministry of Health has at last decided to look into the matter, and we sincerely hope that justice will be done to these underpaid employees.

A Dread Escape.

"He would never speak or mingle with his comrades, and always took his meals alone," was the inquest description of Corporal Macaulay, who after seventeen years' service in the Royal Engineers shot himself at Blackdown Camp. None will ever know from what private hell the poor fellow sought this desperate escape. So true it is that every man lives behind prison-walls carrying unshared burdens to a lonely grave.

The Gunners' Memorial.

Criticism of the new Artillery memorial at Hyde Park Corner can be boiled down to a single question. Can art devise nothing nobler in the shape of a war-memorial than the sculptured effigy of a gun? It will be a mad pity if our children can discover nothing of the underlying principles for which the War was professedly fought which were greater than the guns.

Misplaced Leniency.

A married man and a music-master, Alfred Morris Simpson, recently appeared in court at Scunthorpe charged with an alleged indecent assault on a nine-year-old girl pupil. After a lengthy hearing the charge was reduced to one of common assault, and Simpson escaped with a fine of £2. Far too many of these charges are being reduced in this way. All such cases should go before a jury.

Fouling the Ballot.

A few of the lies that were flying about during the last General Election came to roost last week in the King's Bench Division, when, as part of the agreed settlement of a libel action, Mr. Ellis Ashmead-Bartlett, M.P., had to pay some hundreds of pounds for loose aspersions upon his Labour opponent. Quite right, too. If "fouls" at election-time more often carried such penalties, the verdict of the polls would be a saner thing.

Our Unpaid Debt.

The reported decision of the Prime Minister that for the future all Government contracts, unless for exceptional reasons, shall go to firms employing their quota of disabled ex-Service men will command general approval. After all it was "For King and Country" that men were called to the Colours, and it is right that the nation should be practically reminded of its debt to the disabled, still so shamefully unpaid.

The Way to Stop it.

Cruelty to animals is the most despicable of crimes and should meet with heavy punishment. We are glad to find that Lowestoft magistrates are not deaf to the claims of our dumb friends. George Read, a carman, of Palace Plain, who hit the horse on which he was riding until it fell to the ground, fully deserved the three months' hard labour that was meted out to him.

The Human Machine

Do It Now!

by E. R. THOMPSON, M.A.

DO you ever sit down at the end of a long day and challenge yourself with the question, "What have I done to-day that is really worth while?"

Until you answer this question truthfully you will be unaware of the opportunities you are constantly missing, the openings you fail to see, because it is easier to put things off than to do them now.

There is a very solid reason for getting a job done when the occasion arises instead of putting it off till another time.

If you do a thing in one move you conserve your energy: if you take two moves you expend your energy twice and halve your power.

There is nothing like procrastination for robbing the Human Machine of its driving force.

It is so fatally easy to allow procrastination to develop into a habit, since the tendency to habit formation is always pressing us into grooves.

Nothing checks this better than a searching challenge at the end of the day. "Have I brought the morning's problems to a successful finish? What have I done to-day that marks a definite advance from the previous day? Have I learnt something from the day's work?"

An honest answer to questions like these will not only clear your mind, but give you a true perspective on yourself.

Don't fall into the habit of saying that "to-morrow will do." You may find when to-morrow comes that it is too late.

Far better to "do it now." For he who does what he sets out to do travels twice as far as he set out to go.

Pensions' Perspicacity.

The performance in London of *The Mikado* by the Ministry of Pensions Amateur Operatic and Musical Society marks the new spirit in industry. Such societies, in growing numbers both in town and country, in which all grades, from managers to office boys, may unite, are the best antidote to wild ravings of class war. Where healthy amusement is recognised as a need as great as food a lot of discontent and trouble will be saved.

New Crusade Wanted.

In spite of a wonderful life-prolonging operation performed by Dr. Lees, George Sergeant, of Blackburn, has succumbed to his injuries. This boy of fifteen stabbed himself to the heart because of a love disappointment. The romance must be stripped from these sad cases. They emphasise the urgent need for clear and trenchant teaching to the young on sex hygiene. Sergeant is merely one pitiful victim in a growing regiment of youthful love neurotics.

A Splendid Rescue.

When Mrs. Richardson, of 82, Markhouse Road, Walthamstow, awoke to find her home in flames through a mishap in the shop below, she did not allow fear a foothold. She rescued her two little sons while her husband saved their daughter. Then, unable to bear the thought of helpless creatures perishing, she went back into grave danger, and fetched out the cat, canary, and bowl of goldfish. That's what we call being brave and British through and through.

Where there's a Will.

Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Lester Perry of Southend. Faced, as usual, with the no-house problem, this newly married couple spent the period of their engagement in building for themselves a five-roomed bungalow. Lester laid the bricks while Vera mixed the mortar, and together they wielded hammer and saw on the woodwork which they bought in sections. On the wedding-day the little home stood ready, a standing proof of the saying that "God helps those who help themselves."

Wrongly Sentenced.

Is the Home Secretary aware of the circumstances in which a man named John Blackman, of Eastbourne, has been improperly sentenced to two terms of imprisonment for non-compliance with a wife's maintenance order? The local magistrates are now satisfied that the couple separated under a mutual agreement in writing, and that Blackman is not liable under the maintenance order. If this is so he has twice been imprisoned without legal justification. A pretty state of affairs.

Real Pluck.

In spite of the fact that he had seen one boy pulled from a vat of boiling liquid, so badly scalded that he succumbed to his injuries, Robert Pearson, a labourer in the employ of Messrs. H. Marsland, Ltd., Stockport, jumped down the manhole into the vat to rescue another lad and hoisted him up. Pearson was severely scalded in effecting the rescue and was almost unconscious when pulled out of the vat. We are pleased to see that he has been awarded the Edward Medal in recognition of his gallant conduct.

Victim or Victimiser?

Thomas Stevens, of Hackney, is a sad old rascal with a passion for the ancient vice of sheep-stealing. He began in days when his propensity brought him one sentence of ten years' penal servitude with five years' police supervision. Now at seventy-four years of age, after thirty-seven years of jail, he is a State-made criminal. He still steals sheep and at the Old Bailey was sent to prison for another term. As Sir Henry Dickens, K.C., pointed out, it is almost impossible for a man to reform if for his first offence he meets with a sentence of such terrible savagery.

A Justice Astounded.

Declaring she had suffere
Rowlatt, at Dorchester, set
a single woman, whose ba
had died at birth. He wa
had been committed on t
wondered why on earth loca
it. It was because they
mother of an illegitimate c
and the father allowed to go
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Seducer's Wiles.

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In Need of a Lesson.

"Pedestrians have no rig
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was the truculent remark
Cuttler, a schoolmaster of
apprehended at Erwood f
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was not impressed by this
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will profit by his.

Wood's Wooden-headed Acti

When his daughter gave
child, Arthur Owen Woo
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and incinerated it in the
wagon he was driving. At
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Such behaviour shows a to
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An "Hon." Scoundrel.

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disreputable rascal and an
women. Girls will be safe f
the next three years, but the
there are other similar silk-
rascals on the prowl.

Blood-stained Plumes.

The demand for feathers f
means that thousands of bea
shot in the breeding season, w
at its best, and in this way t
many valuable species is thre
the brutality involved in
plucking of the larger plum
and it will be seen that Fash
delighting in bloody sacrifice
were more public there might
at her shrine.

Not Misleading.

We have our doubts abo
Tooth Company, who offer
teeth at prices ranging from
according to the setting.
three plates, comprising nine
received a box containing
various broken teeth, a posta
very curt printed letter. He
for complaint, since the a
company distinctly states t
misleading prices."

A Justice Astounded.

Declaring she had suffered enough, Mr. Justice Rowlatt, at Dorchester, set free Ada Violet Heath, a single woman, whose baby, found in a ditch, had died at birth. He was astounded that she had been committed on the capital charge and wondered why on earth local magistrates had done it. It was because they still believe that the mother of an illegitimate child may be punished and the father allowed to go scot-free. Mr. Justice Rowlatt takes the more modern and more correct view.

Seducer's Wiles.

Mr. Oliver St. John, of Dinmore Manor, Hereford, probably calls himself a gentleman, but it was a pretty low-down thing to compel the girl he had betrayed to face the double ordeal of an appearance before the magistrates and an appeal to Quarter Sessions in the attempt to evade his legal responsibilities. The effect of the painful episode should be to warn other young women against accepting employment from this lord of the manor who behaves like a common cad.

In Need of a Lesson.

"Pedestrians have no right to use the roads, as it is the motor-cyclists who pay for them," was the truculent remark made by Steward Cuttler, a schoolmaster of Malvern, when he was apprehended at Erwood for driving a motor-bicycle to the danger of the public. The magistrate was not impressed by this logic, and Cuttler was fined £2, as he deserved to be. It seems that even schoolmasters are sometimes in need of a lesson, and it is to be hoped that Steward Cuttler will profit by his.

Wood's Wooden-headed Action.

When his daughter gave birth to a still-born child, Arthur Owen Woods, an engineer of Hempston, wrapped the tiny body in a bit of cloth and incinerated it in the furnace of a steam-wagon he was driving. At Bedford, Mr. Justice Talbot sentenced him to three weeks' imprisonment to give him the opportunity of realising the horridness of his action. It is none too long. Such behaviour shows a total lack of common decency.

An "Hon." Scoundrel.

"Money is no object," an eighteen-year-old girl told a Keswick tradesman, and the sequel was her appearance in the dock at a police court. Now she knows that Herbert Thomas Brocolding Jones Brazenor, who had lured her from home, is not "an honourable" and a man of wealth, but a disreputable rascal and an associate of immoral women. Girls will be safe from Brazenor during the next three years, but they need warning that there are other similar silk-hatted, frock-coated rascals on the prowl.

Blood-stained Plumes.

The demand for feathers for autumn millinery means that thousands of beautiful birds must be shot in the breeding season, when their plumage is at its best, and in this way the utter extinction of many valuable species is threatened. Add to this the brutality involved in certain cases in the plucking of the larger plumes from living birds, and it will be seen that Fashion is a cruel goddess delighting in bloody sacrifice. If her horrid rites were more public there might be fewer worshippers at her shrine.

Not Misleading.

We have our doubts about the Nottingham Tooth Company, who offer to purchase artificial teeth at prices ranging from 3s. to 30s. *per tooth*, according to the setting. When a reader sent three plates, comprising nineteen teeth in all, he received a box containing the broken plates, various broken teeth, a postal order for 3s. and a very curt printed letter. He has strong grounds for complaint, since the advertisement of the company distinctly states that there are "No misleading prices."

Well Behind Them.

Messrs. L. Willoby and Co., bookmakers, of 38, Cranbourn Street, W., describe themselves very truly in their circulars as "The Firm with a reputation behind it." But it may be added that their reputation is not as satisfactory as it might be, which perhaps explains why they take such great care to leave it well behind them. When disappointed clients apply to them they usually discover that L. Willoby and Co. have departed. This is a trick that can be played too often.

A Past Record.

We have had numerous enquiries—the latest being from a firm of solicitors—as to the reliability of a house-purchasing firm, styling itself "Quarterly Dividends, Ltd." William Taverner, who appears to be behind this company, has previously served a term of nine months' hard labour in connection with a similar scheme, and on his conviction the judge made the comment that it was one of the worst frauds that had come to his notice. With these facts before them our readers will hardly need further warning.

The Crafty Showman.

In a recent article exposing one W. M. Gill, who has been organising charity concerts on his own behalf as "one of the few remaining old horse 'busmen," we referred to a Mr. George Thompson as being associated with Gill in other enterprises. Apparently this is not the case, but Gill was crafty enough to word his tickets so as to make it appear that Mr. Thompson, of 725, High Road, Leytonstone, was managing these concerts, whereas he was merely engaged to provide the concert party. There is no limit to Gill's cunning.

At the Kiddies' Expense.

Some time ago we had occasion to expose a man well known in stage circles as Will Murray, who made country tours with a show known as "Poor Little Casey's Court," employing a number of youngsters at the miserable wage of 2s. per week for nine performances. Now comes a complaint from a reader who noticed "The Casey Court" company on the platform at Southampton. "The majority," he says, "were shabbily dressed and looked half starved." Yet by exploiting these children Murray continues to wax fat. It is time that he was stopped.

Shylock Again.

Driven to borrow money through the illness of his wife, the Rev. H. F. Davidson, of Wells, Norfolk, fell into the hands of a firm of moneylenders trading as Allan Foster and Co., Old Bond Street, W. The interest charged amounted to more than 200 per cent., and when the case came into the court, the plaintiff's counsel actually tried to defend this Shylock figure on the ground that the moneylenders ran some risk of losing their cash. Finally, Mr. Justice Finlay made an order for the repayment of the loan and interest at 60 per cent., which should be enough. When are we going to hear from that Select Committee?

Slip-shod Methods at Slough.

When Mrs. Martin, 24, Timbertown, Slough, applied to the Estate Department of the Slough Trading Company for permission to use a part of her hut for the sale of sweets and tobaccos, this permission was graciously granted. But it was withdrawn two months later on the grounds that similar permission had been previously granted to another shopkeeper in the vicinity, with the understanding that there should be no competition. Mrs. Martin is now left with stock on her hands. It seems that the Slough Trading Company have something to learn in humanity as well as in business methods.

2,000 GUINEAS!

There are only seven days left to enter for this Colossal Prize.

Your "Bullet" May Win It

See page 39.

Problems of Life

The Harvest of the Years

by the Rev. R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

IT is not often that I go out to dinner, the quiet of my own fireside being more attractive to me than the pleasantest of conviviality; but sometimes—and I commend the point to JOHN BULL readers—it is necessary to compel oneself to seek relaxation in the company of one's fellow-creatures in order to preserve the human touch and a balanced acquaintance with life.

Mr. Henry Arthur Jones

So I accepted an invitation on an important occasion recently and spent an agreeable evening with some extremely interesting people, nearly all of them men of public standing and influence.

There was one especially, a fine character, who contributed greatly to a brilliant conversation; but I noticed that every now and then when his face was in repose it wore a sad expression.

I mentioned this to my host. "Ah, yes," he said; "he has no background to his life; everything has gone wrong with his most intimate affections."

The observation made me wonder about the others. Everyone of them seemed entirely free from care and in the best of spirits. One would almost conclude that they did not know what trouble was; but I have learned that appearances can be very deceptive in this respect.

SO sane and clever a man as the distinguished dramatist, Henry Arthur Jones, in a candid confession made quite recently, wrote of his attachment to this earth where he had lived and sinned and suffered and loved, and fought and stumbled and triumphed and despaired, and eaten his fill and drunk deep draughts of pleasure and success and bitter cups of misery and defeat and shame.

In these dignified and touching terms a man who gives to the public the impression of thoroughly enjoying life reveals another side of his experience.

But the really fine and valuable lesson to be derived from the foregoing examples is that of facing the sterner facts of life with calm and steadfast courage.

NEITHER of these men I have here referred to has given in to the shocks of misfortune. They have come patiently and bravely through in the faith that on the whole the harvest of life is good, not evil, and worth having for its own sake.

To know this, and act on the knowledge, is to be master of one's fate. Pain and struggle go to the making of character; without them we should not amount to much.

But they can destroy as surely as they can build. There is nothing automatic in their operation. What they will make of a man depends on the way he reacts to them.

If we fail to use them as wings to rise by, they become weights to drag us down.

A TERRIBLE YELLOW STORY!

WHITE WOMEN'S TRAGIC FATE

The Case of Mrs. Ah Soo

FOLLOWING our recent well-informed and exclusive exposures of the dangerous people—mainly Chinamen—behind the drug traffic in this country, we are pleased to note that the police have turned their attention to the menace with renewed zest.

Apart from the tremendous earnings made by the yellow fiends from the illicit sale of drugs, many are also reaping rich harvests by exploiting for immoral purposes the unfortunate English women and girls who have fallen into their clutches.

A little while ago we told the tragic story of Beatrice Ah Soo, an English girl, who was pursued by a Chinaman whom she met in the Stoll Picture Theatre. He posed as a student with immeasurable wealth, whilst in reality he was a chef employed at the Regent Palace Hotel.

Eventually, she married him and a child was born. Her yellow husband ill-treated her shamefully and compelled her to carry drugs to the West End. Often she had to carry her child in her arms in order to distract attention from suspicious eyes.

Ferocious cruelty

When this Chinese monster, who was constantly saturated with drugs, finally lost his job at the Regent Palace for theft, his immoral demands upon his white wife became still greater. Another child was born, and she became a physical wreck. Ah Soo deserted her, and, her own family having disowned her, she was forced to go on the parish.

The above is no isolated case. Here is another tragic story, the facts of which are absolutely authentic.

For some years in Birmingham's Chinatown, then in Liverpool and now in Limehouse, an English girl has suffered indescribable tortures. Her name is Mary Tan Kow. About nine years ago she made the acquaintance of Tan Kow, and subsequently became his wife.

From the day of their marriage Tan Kow showed himself in his true colours as a cruel brute of the lowest and foulest order. Like the majority of his race he was a keen gambler, and would leave his wife and half-caste children to starve, whilst he spent his winnings on other women.

Premature rejoicing

Only when his luck was out and he lost his money would he favour his family with his pestilential presence. Then he would come home and wreak his vengeance and expend his anger by thrashing his wife and torturing her helpless children.

This unfortunate woman might still have been enduring this ghastly treatment had not Tan Kow found it expedient to flee the country. As it is her life is shattered. Her children have been taken from her, and she is now in an East End workhouse!

A warrant has been issued for Tan Kow's arrest for neglecting his wife and children and leaving them chargeable to the local rates; and, from enquiries we have made, we are able to supply the police with some sound information. This foul fiend is now in Rotterdam, staying at a lodging-house for Chinese seamen, which is run by Lee Sing.

Tan Kow is a very interesting, if despicable, character. One of his many enterprises has been the transmission of drugs from ships bound from China to Holland to ships from Rotterdam to London and the U.S.A.

Some time ago the police raided a den in Manchester and found an old man named Soo Sing, who was stated to be the centre of the drug traffic in the north of England. Soo Sing was heavily fined and deported.

The police regarded it as a great piece of work, as the only evidence they found was a scrap of paper on which were written some Chinese characters and the word "Darlington."

Had the police known what we can now tell them they might have caught Tan Kow and put an end to the terrible sufferings of his white wife.

The truth is this. Soo Sing's brother, Ont Sing, used to live at Darlington, and Tan Kow was in the habit of acting as dope "carrier" between the two! Ont Sing is at present in Rotterdam, working with a gang of yellow scoundrels many hundreds strong, and holding a conspicuous position in their rascally ranks is *Tan Kow!*

Much devilry has been practised in the Pitt Street area of Liverpool, which corresponds to Limehouse, and we are glad to note that very important parts of this notorious street have been cleared by the City of Liverpool Corporation.

Scraping the edge

But the Liverpool demolitions will have little effect upon the organisations of these dangerous gangs. Drugs will still be sold; white women will still be enslaved into the miseries of Chinatown; undesirable aliens from the East will still be smuggled into our midst; unspeakable orgies will still be held nightly, and women like Mrs. Ah Soo and Mrs. Tan Kow, and their children, will still be betrayed and deserted unless some drastic measures are taken.

The Treasury must open its purse a little more widely and permit the police to spend money a little more freely on the great task of stamping out these evils.

A Nursery Handicap

Saved from a Snare

ABOUT a month ago, an Itchen reader—whose name we withhold at his own request—was attracted by an advertisement in the *Daily Chronicle*, calling for a partner in a nursery business, with £250 to invest.

He wrote to the advertiser, Mr. S. Hardy, of 2, Palace Mansions, Palace Gardens, Enfield, N., and received a reply which did not produce a very favourable impression.

The letter was written on poor paper, and had obviously been penned by someone other than the person whose signature it bore. It contained some very definite statements.

A happy phrase

"I can *prove* to your entire satisfaction that the information given is correct, also that your investment would be fully secured," wrote the unknown person on behalf of the pen-shy Mr. Hardy. In view of subsequent disclosures "fully secured" is good!

Our reader, unwilling to condemn the advertiser without fair investigation, arranged to come up to town and interview Mr. Hardy. This he did, and was taken by Hardy to view the nurseries. He now became more suspicious than ever of the man with whom he was dealing.

Still at it!

Having little experience in business matters he decided to seek our advice on the subject, before parting with the £250, which Hardy was pressing for. Then, chancing to pick up a copy of JOHN BULL his eyes lighted upon an article exposing Hardy and his nursery partnership schemes!

Needless to say, he immediately ceased negotiations, otherwise there is little doubt that his £250 would nave been "fully secured"—by Hardy! Thanks to JOHN BULL, our reader's losses are limited to a day's pay and his railway fare.

But the fact remains that, in spite of the serious nature of the charges we have already made, Hardy is still able to continue his swindling career unchecked. His letter to our Itchen reader, telling him that the business in question was "an established and paying concern," was written twelve days after the publication of our article denouncing him as a swindler!

Time to act

What have the police been doing in the meantime? We think that they would do well to lose no more time in looking into the affairs of S. Hardy and to *do* something to bring his plundering activities to an end.

Meanwhile we can only repeat our previous warnings, and be thankful that we have at least been instrumental in saving yet another reader from a despicable shark.

Donald Gets his Due

"John Bull" Scores Again!

WE have just cause for satisfaction in the knowledge that the activities of that brazen young rascal, Donald T. Heaysman, have at last been ended. It is certainly no fault of ours that his criminal career has been prolonged for six years.

Donald started young. As a matter of fact he is only twenty-three now, yet he came under our notice at the early age of seventeen, and we have never lost sight of him since.

At the commencement of his career we got into touch with the police, and though they agreed that he was a promising candidate for free lodging in His Majesty's jails, they could do nothing because this flaxen-haired fakir was under age!

The rooked party

Master Donald started the "Marquis Film Company" and extracted money from film-struck girls on the pretext of giving them tuition. As the "Imperial Vaudeville Company" he invited investment in a revue called "Surprises." It was no surprise to us when Heaysman stranded the company in the north of England without paying their salaries!

When he started a concert party, "The Rooks," the members were duly "rooked," as we fully expected them to be. And so with all this young scoundrel's swindling schemes.

But we have to thank Master Donald for affording us some innocent amusement on one occasion, when he called in at our office in a very warlike mood and threatened to take legal action against us. Needless to say, legal action did not follow; but Donald let off steam in a penny pamphlet, "'John Bull' Exposed," which he caused to be sold in the streets of London.

The fact that we have not only survived, but have succeeded in reaching a weekly net sale of over a million, must be rather a puzzle to Master Donald.

Unassailable evidence

About a month ago, Detective-Inspector Burgess, of the City of London Police, sent an officer to pay us a visit. He admitted that as a direct result of JOHN BULL's untiring efforts one after the other of Heaysman's frauds had been unmasked; but he lamented the fact that the police were only in possession of scanty evidence.

We placed our dossier in his hands, and the evidence which it contained has been instrumental in sending Donald to prison for twelve months!

Even whilst he was awaiting trial, this remarkable young rogue was at 2, Lisle Street, Leicester Square, actually carrying on the business of the "Marquis Film Company" which he had been brazen enough to "reorganise." This is proof positive that we did not underestimate his original capacity when we first exposed him six years ago!

Kidde Kid

Another Wire

WE have rec quieting corning which bears the n name of C. F. K City Road, E.C.

It appears that Manchester reader, business as an ele received an order fro for wireless goods approbation, to th He was trustful enc the goods, expectin would deal with hin

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Traders, beware!

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As many of our rea by bitter experienc furnished by a firm of its standing. W will not be long befo more cheerful news Kidby's creditors.

Kidded by Kidby

Another Wireless Wangle

WE have received some disquieting intelligence concerning a wireless firm which bears the not inappropriate name of C. F. Kidby, Ltd., 7-9, City Road, E.C.

It appears that not long ago a Manchester reader, who carries on business as an electrical engineer, received an order from Messrs. Kidby for wireless goods to be sent on approbation, to the value of £10. He was trustful enough to despatch the goods, expecting that the firm would deal with him fairly.

His expectations, alas, were to remain unfulfilled. Messrs. Kidby sent him neither his goods nor his cash, and repeated applications failed to produce any result.

Our reader's chagrin may well be imagined when, on enquiry at the offices of a debt-collecting society, he was informed that no fewer than twenty judgments had been given against Messrs. Kidby.

An amazing discovery

Not only this, but he personally noticed reports appearing with alarming frequency of judgments for sums ranging from £5 to £40.

Failing to obtain any satisfaction, the trader proceeded to London with the object of making application for his debt. Judge of his amazement when on calling at the address in City Road, he found that Messrs. Kidby did not occupy premises there.

At a café next door he was informed that the firm had gone away some weeks previously. The unfortunate creditor was, therefore, left with no information as to the whereabouts of this peculiar firm, and little prospect of ever obtaining his rights.

To say the least of it, the methods practised by Messrs. Kidby do not appeal to us. They cast reflection upon every honest trader and are bound to have a detrimental effect on the credit system.

It is of significance that this particular form of sharp practice is exceedingly prevalent. It is only a short time since we had occasion to comment upon a number of similar cases.

Traders, beware!

From this it would appear that judgments against an elusive firm like the one in question, without address or tangible assets, are of very little use to people placed in the unenviable predicament described by our reader.

Therefore, it behoves all who are engaged in the wireless, or any other trade which involves business with firms requiring credit, and who do not furnish reliable references, to walk warily.

As many of our readers have learnt by bitter experience, the address furnished by a firm is no indication of its standing. We trust that it will not be long before we hear some more cheerful news from Messrs. Kidby's creditors.

THE HUMAN APE

KING OF CAT BURGLARS UNMASKED

His Associates Still at Large

WITH the passing of a three years' sentence on William Craig, alias George William McCraig, at the London Sessions last week, has disappeared for a time possibly the most cunning cracksman of the generation.

There is much irony in the charge against him. It was "for being found on the premises of the Grosvenor Hotel, Victoria, S.W., with *intent* to commit a felony." The "intent" is good.

Elsewhere, Craig has been described as "the King of Cat Burglars." He merits the title, if only for his share in the most astonishing robbery of modern times.

He may count himself fortunate indeed that he has not gone away for a longer period following a crime proved against him rather than for misguided intentions. There is no doubt that he was behind many recent unsolved house-breaking mysteries and jewel robberies.

An astounding robbery

He has been a thorn in the flesh to the police of this country and the United States for many years, and the total of his coups represents a huge fortune.

He is known in this country, among his confederates, as "Little George," while in the United States he gained notoriety as the "Human Ape." Among his aliases, of which he has many, are Arthur, Heatherley and Bradley.

William Cooper Hobbs, now in jail over the "Mr. A." case, arranged his defence some years ago, when he was convicted at a London police court on a robbery charge. Strangely enough, he has always succeeded in escaping punishment for his most sensational and lucrative adventures in crime.

No one has yet been arrested for the great Wernher jewel robbery of a year ago, which filled columns of the newspapers for days on end at the time. Craig's share in that affair has already been revealed by JOHN BULL.

There were really six people concerned in this, the most astounding burglary of modern times. They decided that Bath House, Piccadilly, the residence of Lady Ludlow, widow of the late Sir Julius Wernher, the South African millionaire, would offer a profitable field for their operations.

Mr. A. J. Laurie, K.C., who sentenced McCraig

In the house was Sir Julius' famous collection of art treasures, to say nothing of set of priceless gems known all over the world. They did not wish to secure either the art treasures or the jewel collection. Their value was great, but they knew full well that the disposal of pictures and stones familiar to almost every expert would be practically impossible. None the less, there were other things in Bath House well worth getting.

When thieves fall out

Plans were laid to effect an entry into Bath House, but the six thieves fell out among themselves and three of them decided to carry on themselves. They were "Long George," a well-known international crook, "Mac the Mug," the degenerate son of an aristocratic family, and "Little George," otherwise William Craig. The necessary inside information concerning Bath House was obtained by Mac the Mug, and shortly afterwards Craig was able to climb in through one of the upper windows.

He did not succeed in entering Lady Ludlow's bedroom, where he knew her personal jewellery was kept, and which was really his objective, so there was nothing else for it but to decamp with the priceless Wernher collection which the thieves did not really want.

Attempts to dispose of the jewels were unsuccessful, but it was still open to Craig and his friends to use them as a means of extorting money. Accordingly, they were hidden in a safe place until the situation should develop to their advantage.

After the reward

Meanwhile, a reward of £5,000 had been advertised for the recovery of the jewellery. The receiver, who was acting for the burglars, sent out a feeler to see whether the amount could not be doubled, and in the end the whole collection was returned intact.

We expressed our opinion at the time that arrests in connection with the affair ought to have been made, but the reply was a denial of the facts of the story. If that was so, it was rather puzzling that Craig, who has ample funds at his disposal, did not take any proceedings for libel against us.

We think that steps might still be taken to bring Craig's accomplices to justice. If the true facts of the Wernher robbery are still unknown to the police, justice might be partly satisfied by the apprehension one of these days of "Long George" and "Mac the Mug" for "intent to commit a felony."

Ballard's Bombast

A Bargain Price Course

"I WANT to convince you that you are dealing with a *Master* . . . I can show you how to start *Right*."

These are the inspiring, if slightly bombastic words of Mr. W. J. Ballard, mail order and advertising specialist, of 71, Graces Road, Camberwell, London, S.E.5.

Some time ago Mr. Ballard advertised for men desirous of taking up profitable employment which involved "no outlay." To those who jumped at the bait, he offered his money-making course, for which he demanded a guinea.

Not to be shaken off

A Bristol reader who received Mr. Ballard's offer apparently did not think very highly of its money-making possibilities and, therefore, ignored it. But Mr. Ballard was not so easily put off. He proceeded to pester his unfortunate victim with requests for the guinea necessary to procure the "course."

A generous offer

Receiving no reply to his almost weekly letters, the Master would appear to have decided that a sudden burst of generosity was the only thing which would make his Bristol fish bite.

And so we find him writing a new letter, commencing as follows:—

"DEAR SIR,—Although I have written to you on several occasions regarding the offer I made to you some little while back, I regret that you have so far not taken advantage of my offer, *for your own sake*."

Then with a truly unselfish gesture he proceeds to make a new offer.

"Upon receipt of 10s. 6d. only," he says, "I will post you by return my complete course, propositions and special scheme, so that you can start immediately."

The most delightful portion of the Master's letter is its conclusion:

"Please don't think that I am fooling you—you are not now dealing with that type of man."

We readily agree with our reader who declares that Mr. Ballard is evidently very anxious to get on. Mr. Ballard usually states that the course which he offers at £1 1s. is exactly as supplied to many clients at £2 2s.

"Course" at quarter-price

It would be interesting to know just how many clients have paid £2 2s. for this precious "course," which the Master is now desirous of disposing of for 10s. 6d.?

It is to be hoped that those members of the public who might otherwise be disposed to patronise the astute Mr. Ballard will be warned by this little tale against the folly of touching such nonsensical clap-trap.

A DIABOLICAL TRADE

ANIMALS' TERRIBLE SUFFERINGS

The Whitewashing Report

"THE slaughter of animals, we need hardly point out, is not an entertainment." This is not a quotation from a silly drawing-room discussion, but the perfectly serious statement of the committee set up by the Government to report on the export of horses to the Continent.

The personnel of the committee is as follows: Major J. W. Hills; Sir Merrik Burrell, Bart.; the Lady Emmott, J.P.; the Earl of Haddington, M.C.; the Hon. E. A. St. Aubyn Harney, M.P.; Arthur Hayday, Esq., M.P.; Major F. T. G. Hobday, C.M.G., F.R.C.V.S., F.R.S.E., and the Marquess of Titchfield, M.P.

Love of animals, and in particular for that noble friend of man, the horse, has always been a recognised characteristic of our race. But, if we are to accept the findings of this committee, it must be admitted that these qualities are rapidly dwindling.

The picture as painted

The report, a mass of pious platitude, weightily delivered, draws a picture of horse transport and slaughter such as the ladies and gentlemen of the committee would wish them to be—not, alas, as they are.

"It is not, of course, possible to say what the horse thinks when brought to the abattoir," we are informed, and the Marquess of Titchfield, M.P., goes one better by declaring that the horses do not mind seeing their comrades killed as they hardly take any notice when the animal for slaughter falls dead.

It is perfectly obvious that the committee has done all in its power to whitewash those engaged in this hideous traffic. They indulge in unmerited abuse of the R.S.P.C.A., and they actually go so far as to deny the authenticity of the now famous film depicting the slaughter of a horse under loathsome conditions, taken in Belgium by Pathé Frères.

In furtherance of the campaign which this paper has pursued in the past against the scandal of horse butchery, a JOHN BULL representative interviewed Miss Cole, the energetic secretary of the R.S.P.C.A., with reference to the committee's statements.

Afraid of publicity

Miss Cole declared that the report was a base slander against herself and M. Ruhl, secretary of the Belgian Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and added that, although the film in question was made under the auspices of the R.S.P.C.A., that fact was not disclosed to the officials of the abattoir until a week after the picture had been taken.

A request that this enquiry should be made public was refused. It was agreed, however, that the whole of the evidence should be published verbatim. A shilling report and "summary" of the proceedings have been printed, in which practically everything has been glossed over or camouflaged, and the verbatim report has been published at 30s., a price which will ensure that only the select few may explore its pages.

We are in a position to state that this highly priced report contains ample evidence that the horse-butchers are as callous and as brutal as ever they were in the past.

To quote only one instance. In a certain portion of the report, Mr. A. Wilson, a prominent horse-dealer, says that he has seen horses shipped at Goole not as good as some of his horses that failed to be passed by the inspectors before the War. In the face of this, the committee calmly states that the inspection work has been "tightened up all round."

Then there is the statement of Miss Matthews, of the National Equine Defence League, that "blinded and shattered pit-ponies, cast Army horses and those too painfully diseased to be seen in England are being roughly shipped to the Continent."

The committee, of course, flatly contradicts the lady's statement. To our representative Miss Matthews communicated the following reply:

"For the latest evidence as to pit-ponies we direct attention to Hull, Goole and Eastern ports whence consignments go regularly. The condition of ponies cast from pits is widely known and there is a special cheap method of transport arranged for such animals. It entails terrible suffering to most of the animals, especially if the sea is at all rough.

"Consignments of horses go daily from the London docks, and although I have frequently invited the authorities to go to some of these places and see for themselves, they have never, to my knowledge, done so."

Money wasted

One tiny piece of humanity peeps out from the pages of this disappointing document—the recommendation that the attention of port inspectors should again be called to their powers to slaughter rejected horses.

On the whole, however, the committee, as Shakespeare might say, protests too much. Over £400 of public money has been spent in this whitewashing enterprise, and the position is still as serious as it was before Major Hills and his colleagues commenced their deliberations.

Two of a Kind

Rays on a Shady Scheme

LAST week we expressed our doubts regarding one P. Bruce-Austin, who was inviting subscription to a company he was "about to form," and which was to be known as the British Guiana Diamond Mining Syndicate, Ltd. (or other suitable title as granted by the colony).

Further investigations on the part of our Special Commissioner have placed us in possession of facts which show our doubts were fully justified.

Briefly, it may be stated that behind Mr. P. Bruce-Austin is Elizabeth J. Bedingfield, a notorious woman financier, whose business ventures we have exposed from time to time in these pages.

Enterprising Elizabeth

The Sentinel Trust Company, The Carnival Cigarette Company, and The 3B Wireless Company are a few notable financial failures with which Elizabeth J. Bedingfield has been connected. All these concerns have gone into liquidation, and countless shareholders have been duped as the result of this woman's recommendations.

Now it is from the offices of this notorious woman (a single room in Kingsway Chambers, 46, Kingsway, London, W.C.2) that P. Bruce-Austin is sending out his doubtful circulars. Elizabeth J. Bedingfield is supervising his shady campaign—or, as is probably more correct—his/her campaign.

A joint affair

For, whilst Bruce-Austin is endeavouring to entice fresh fish into the net, Elizabeth Bedingfield is busy writing to disappointed clients of the other swindles which are now on the rocks. Doubtless she is telling them that here is a golden opportunity for recovering past losses. They will be poor fish indeed if they swallow such untempting bait!

Further in the background is another financier, who is also using this good soul's office. He has figured largely in the past swindles, and is now playing an active part in this latest "Bruce-Austin" stunt, which, unless watched carefully, will also secure a large number of dupes.

Now, apart from the queries raised in last week's JOHN BULL, what right has Mr. P. Bruce-Austin to send out circulars asking for subscription to an unformed, "wild-cat" company, from an address not his registered office, and in which he had only a "seat"?

We have approached the landlords of the premises, and as a result of our disclosures they are applying for an ejectment order.

A tip in time

Doubtless this will not greatly perturb ambitious Bruce-Austin, who will probably lose no time in establishing himself elsewhere; but the fact that he is associated with Elizabeth Bedingfield should be enough to induce people who receive Bruce-Austin's literature to throw it straight into the waste-paper basket.

A Pal from U.S.A.

Plausible and Predatory

INSTALLED in a Kingsway office is John M. Kantor, who hails from U.S.A., and who is "some goer." John has many propositions. Most are offered through the Universal Industrial Finance Co., Ltd., a dummy concern registered with a small nominal capital at Somerset House. But what it lacks in capital it makes up for in ideas.

All the directors of this concern, including Kantor himself, are American, and they are here—so they would lead us to believe—for the purpose of making small fortunes for those who are lucky enough to get in touch with them.

Yankee bluff

Our version of their generosity is that their methods are typical of most Yankee promoters who come to this country to mislead the "greenhorn" English into investing money in concerns of a dubious character.

Kantor, as a matter of fact, is a person who is fast earning a very bad reputation in this country as a "dud" share-pusher. Many people, who have listened to his fairy tales, have found out that they do not often end very happily.

After Kantor had earned some substantial sums of money for himself by hawking "units," or parts of shares, in a notorious ramp in which many people have been caught, he hit upon a new plan. As the Universal Industrial Finance Co. he has been sending agents to some of the "unit" victims for the purpose of inducing them to become shareholders in another concern which would save their money.

The "other concern" happens to be an American company represented by Kantor over here, and we do not recommend anybody to take up any proposition of this kind without enquiring very fully into the alluring statements made.

Some time ago a concern called the Buena Vista Fruit Company, of Cuba, in which something like £20,000 has been invested, failed after the usual stories about its being a fortune-making concern had been told.

A resurrection

Now the Buena Vista Co. has come to life again, for the very enterprising Mr. Kantor, of the Universal Industrial Finance Co., Ltd., has commenced to tell unfortunate holders of the Vista shares that their money will be quite all right, after all, if they put up a little more to save the situation.

We strongly advise people to be very cautious in dealing with this further Kantor proposition, more particularly in view of the fact that he was recently employed to address a meeting of victims who had been robbed by a concern called the Streatham Tenants Ltd.—a house-finding concern about which exposures in this journal have been frequent.

Mr. Kantor delivered a speech which marks him as a plausible as well as a predatory person

Indian Intros

More Clare Claptrap

WE have had many things to say from time to time of the Universal Correspondence Club and its guiding genius, Mr. B. Clare. One thing we must admit and that is that the "Universal" is no misnomer for this movement to increase the facilities for "friendship" between ladies and gentlemen hitherto unknown to one another.

There is no limit to the age or status of members who may enrol for the modest fee of 10s. And Mr. Clare might even be entitled to add the word "international" to the U.C.C.

A dangerous advertisement

His latest field is India. For some time the following has been appearing regularly in a well-known journal which ought to know better:—

"Personal — British Ladies and Gentlemen seek correspondents in India. Write T. M. Clare, 16, Cambridge Street, London, S.W.1."

Indian readers who nibble the bait receive from Mr. B. Clare a lengthy and alluring screed setting forth the aims, objects and benefits of the U.C.C. "Established over twenty years," he says, "I have an active membership at the moment of over fourteen thousand men and women of all ages from fifteen to seventy, of all ranks of society from the titled aristocracy down to the working classes situated in every conceivable corner of the globe."

He then makest the claim that his register is "most carefully compiled and elaborately classified." A railway navvy in a distant province, for example, who wishes to make the acquaintance of a dowager duchess or a lady of means and culture, can, we presume, immediately be accommodated.

Now it should be made quite clear that the U.C.C. is not a matrimonial agency. Mr. B. Clare says so, while at the same time having a keen enough sense of responsibility to warn the aforesaid navvy of the dangers of corresponding with a designing dowager.

"You know," he whispers, "how close friendship will sometimes lead to that idealistic state of affairs, but that lies entirely in the hands of Fate, doesn't it?"

Lures for lads and lassies

His fee is ten shillings, but "lads and lassies under nineteen" are given specially reduced terms. He concludes his epistle with this: "If there are any other queries or points upon which I have failed to touch, do not hesitate to write me." There is one point upon which he has not touched and upon which we certainly should like some enlightenment.

Does Mr. Clare take any precautions against "lassies under nineteen" being introduced through his offices to undesirables in India who may ultimately succeed in luring them to the vice-traps of Calcutta and Bombay? If not, his Universal Correspondence Club is a perilous proposition.

SHADY CLUBS run by EX-POLICE

BLACK SHEEP OF THE NIGHT

Strong Action Needed

THE night club campaign, which we recently reopened, has been followed by rapid results. Many of the dens we denounced have been raided, and prosecutions will ensue.

This is satisfactory so far as it goes; but these random raids will not end the evil. There will be a lull for the time being, and then the undesirable activities of the night club promoters will start again.

The seriousness of the matter cannot be exaggerated. In the Soho district of London alone there are at least fifty notorious dens, registered as clubs, which are merely resorts of the worst type of criminal.

Irish blarney

But it is not only in London that these so-called clubs flourish. In most of our provincial towns there exist haunts almost as bad, while outside the metropolis, in places like Hampstead, Brixton, Richmond, Kennington, Tottenham and Lambeth are dens of the worst kind.

In King Henry's Road, Chalk Farm, there is a resort known as the Hibernian Social and Athletic Club. Until recently this place was run by Edward Barrett, a man who should have known better, since he is an ex-officer of the City of London Police Force!

The objects of this club were supposed to be the promotion of social intercourse among Irish residents in London, but, as a matter of fact, it was really nothing more or less than an unlicensed public-house. There were no fewer than five other ex-police officers on its committee!

The police raided this den the other night, and found the place in a very filthy condition—almost insanitary, in fact. At least two score people were there, many of them consuming intoxicating liquor.

Barrett has merely been fined for selling alcohol without a licence, and Mr. Wilberforce, the magistrate, has ordered the club to be struck off the register.

Now this is a very important case. When ex-police officers descend to this kind of thing, it is not to be wondered at that the hardened crooks in the game regard police interference and subsequent fines as matters of trivial interest.

Sir Kovert Wallace, K.C., who recently condemned the night club evil

Going further into Mr. Barrett's activities, we find that a year ago he was fined for similar offences in connection with the Irish Sports Club, which was carried on in the same building in King Henry's Road!

Unequal punishment

On that occasion the magistrate ordered the club to be struck off the register. Why, then, was Barrett allowed to re-register it as the Hibernian Social and Athletic Club?

Time after time we have protested against this sort of thing in the West End of London, but now that it is spreading to the suburbs and provinces something must be done—and done quickly!

It is grossly unfair to the ordinary publicans, who have to pay heavy overhead charges and restrict their selling activities to stipulated hours. When, too, a publican is caught selling drinks after hours he is liable to lose his licence altogether, a penalty that prevents him from ever getting it again.

The public should realise from this what a scandal it is that night-club promoters, many of whom are professional thieves and ex-jail-birds, should be permitted to open clubs and sell liquor without a licence.

Nothing doing

The Home Secretary, Sir William Joynson-Hicks, promised to look into the matter months ago and to introduce a Bill to give the police greater powers. But nothing has happened. He goes on suavely talking about what he proposes to do, but his policy appears to be drifting along the lines of those adopted by his predecessors, who talked and did nothing!

But we are glad to note that, after the long battle we have waged, we have succeeded in obtaining the welcome support of the Magistrates' Association, who, under the leadership of Sir Robert Wallace, have just discussed the problem at some length.

Moreover, the London Council of Public Morality have arranged to send a deputation to the Home Secretary on November 17. We suggest to this deputation that it does not leave the Home Office without something tangible in the form of a definite proposal.

Promises, made by Sir William and his predecessors during the past six years, have merely resulted in this scandal growing beyond all bounds, when, by a few simple amendments to the law, it could have been checked long ago. Promises are useless! Action is needed!

Rogues who Run

Some Quick-change Specialists

WE are constantly receiving complaints from readers who have been unable to obtain satisfaction in certain business dealings. Our usual procedure in such cases is to write to the offending parties on our readers' behalf; and the results are nearly always the same. Either our letters are ignored, or returned marked, "Gone Away."

H. J. Hudson and Co., credit football accountants, late of 20a, Islington, Liverpool, accepted a bet from a Wigan reader, which turned out to be a 20 to 1 win. Since he entrusted his stake to their care our reader has heard no more of them.

Letters only

The firm of Topping and Co., late of 7, Palace House, Shaftesbury Avenue, W. 1, appointed Mr. A. O. Shea, of Newquay, and Mr. H. Dewar, of Kirkcaldy, as agents in their football coupon concern. These "agents" are now considerably out of pocket, and Topping and Co. have vanished into thin air.

A similar complaint is made against G. Bagnall, late of 233, Maida Vale, W., by Mr. J. H. Norman, a Plaistow reader. George Bagnall states on his notepaper "Business conducted solely by correspondence."

A big black list.

To compile a complete black list of all these gentlemen who believe that there is nothing like "change" would require a great deal of space; but we may warn our readers that we have evidence of the unreliability of J. Bankes, late of 33, Hatton Garden, Liverpool. A reader in Montreal is still waiting for his "Derby" winnings, and letters that we have written on his behalf have been returned.

More than one complaint has been received against a firm styling itself Evans and Richards. Their last-known address was 8, Peterborough Road, Harrow; but their present whereabouts are shrouded in mystery.

Though bookmakers are by far the worst offenders in this respect they are by no means the only ones.

The magic carpet.

The Manchester Warehouse Co., of Higher Cambridge Street, Manchester, were "at home" when Mr. A. Melton, of Potterhanworth sent them the cash for a bedroom carpet. At least, the letter and money were not returned, as subsequent inquiries have been. Evidently the carpet was a magic one spiriting its owners away!

Of course, in dealing with unknown firms through the medium of the post, there is always this risk of being bilked. Little can be done to safeguard oneself in this respect; but we shall continue to publish the names of known offenders.

PAMPHLETS to put on the FIRE

A Captain's Crank Club

AN adventurous crank, named Captain H. Vincent, B.A., B.Sc., is busy just now pressing upon the public the aims and objects of a peculiar concern founded by him, and known as "The British Sunray Club."

When the Sunray Club began its career (on paper) a few months ago, some very extraordinary circulars were broadcast by Captain Vincent from an office in Craven Street, Strand, and many people thought them highly objectionable, if not indecent.

The main point of these circulars was to urge people interested in physical culture and hygiene to join the Sunray Club in order that they could bathe and dance together in the sun in a state of nudity. Members of both sexes were invited, and the privileges of membership, offered for substantial fees of £5 5s. and so on, were many and mysterious.

A chilly game

We do not know how many people were induced to join and pay their money to Captain Vincent; but, so far, the "club" he proposed to found has failed to materialise.

The captain, however, is not so invisible. He has been spending the summer months at Cliftonville, and has caused quite a sensation by his curious antics.

As the summer is now over, and little comfort can be derived from the merry game of going out undressed in winter, the captain is once again soliciting support for next season's "club."

Strange rules

We hope he will not get it, despite the fact that he has lately removed from his literature some very objectionable clauses. Here are a couple of them which have deservedly caused much bitter comment on the captain's views.

"Every male member after June 1, 1925, must join with at least one lady friend, otherwise membership cannot be accepted as there is already a male waiting list of several hundred.

"When applying for membership, please submit full length photograph, either completely naked, with slips, or bathing costume. Preferential consideration will be given to those applicants submitting the complete nude, for obvious reasons."

Although these two paragraphs have now disappeared from the aims and objects of the Sunray Club, there is still much about the scheme that is extremely offensive and undesirable.

Some time ago, when staying in New Chesterfield Street, Marylebone, Captain Vincent figured in a case at the local police court. He charged a gentleman named Roger Brooks, of the same address, with assault.

Mr. Brooks denied this, and Mr. Freke Palmer, who appeared in court for him, stated that Brooks had remonstrated with the captain over the manner in which he went about the house.

Mr. Freke Palmer suggested that it was Vincent who struck Brooks, because he was annoyed to find his clothes packed up. The magistrate discharged the accused.

The other day Vincent again figured in court, this time as the defendant. A wealthy American, Mr. Prince Hopkins, claimed injunctions restraining Captain Vincent from representing that the plaintiff was president or a member of the Sunray Club, and from publishing any document relating to the club bearing the plaintiff's name and containing "improper pictures or words."

Beyond the limit

The injunctions were granted, and a counter-claim, which Vincent sought to bring, was dismissed.

Now there is a lot to be said for sun bathing, provided it is carried out in a decent manner. But there are very serious objections to a mixed club of the character proposed by this crank captain. The sooner he is made to realise this the better!

Oranges or Lemons?

Fortunes Still Going Begging

AS far back as August, 1923, we drew our readers' attention to a concern known as the South African Prudential, Ltd., and expressed our opinion that the offers made by this company were too good to be true.

Investors were invited to purchase orange orchards in South Africa. These orchards could be bought by paying £125 a year for five years, yet a yearly return of £500 was promised. The orchards would be managed by the company themselves, who would only charge 10 per cent. for their trouble. British investors could thus be relieved of all worry.

Our comment at the time was that such generosity on the part of the South African Prudential, Ltd., was, to say the least of it, rather surprising. Why they were so anxious to share their good fortune with anyone who could stump up £125 was a matter for some speculation.

Accordingly, we advised our readers to be generous on their own account, and leave this company to the exclusive joy of developing their orchards for themselves.

But it now becomes clear that the South African Prudential, Ltd., have no intention of being baulked in their philanthropic schemes; for to-day they are *still* offering these money-spinning orchards. A Wimbledon reader has been favoured with quite a budget of literature regarding the scheme, which he has forwarded to us.

The Prudential Orange Orchards are still painted in glowing colours. A permanent (estimated) income of £500 is still offered, but five annual payments of £150 are now required.

What are we to suppose? Are we to gather that the company has an unlimited number of orchards at its disposal? Or are we to believe that this golden opportunity for fortune-making has been hanging fire for two years?

One might be inclined to suggest that the answer's a lemon!

Untimely Overtime

IT is difficult to fix hard-and-fast rules in regard to the principle of overtime. But with unemployment so widespread it seems something like an industrial crime not to take every opportunity possible to absorb for extra work men on the dole who are capable of performing it.

Particularly so is this the case with public bodies, and Councillor A. H. Gledhill, of Halifax, deserves thanks for calling attention to a scandalous state of affairs in that city.

Mr. Gledhill states that in two months recently the figures for overtime in two departments alone of the Corporation were 18,818 hours.

Forty-four men averaged 101½ hours per week, drawing a wage of £6 17s. 4d. each instead of the normal rate of £3 3s. 5d.; one man drew £8 3s. 6d., another £8 17s. 4d., and a third £9 17s. 6d.

With the unskilled workers the position was even worse, an indoor labourer in one week having been paid for 118 hours, thereby more than doubling his ordinary wage of £2 16s. 9d.; another indoor man in five weeks drew £25 3s. instead of his normal £14 10s., and a third £20 10s. 6d. instead of £11 3s. 3d.

The books for the Electricity Committee showed 9,904 extra hours' work, those of the Tramways Shed and Permanent Way 3,619, and the Traffic and Tramways 5,295.

It is not disputed that a large proportion of the overtime which we have quoted could have been done by men on the labour exchange, or in receipt of relief paid out of the pockets of the Halifax ratepayers who had, of course, to provide the wherewithal for the employees' overtime.

We are glad to note that the Halifax Town Council is now taking the matter in hand. We trust that their example will be followed by other public bodies who are quite as great sinners in this respect.

Our Welcome Gift

Thanks from Our Readers

SINCE the first of the Gillette safety-razors in our Free Gift Scheme was dispatched every post has brought thousands of replies from delighted readers.

Here are some extracts from the letters, typical of an enormous number of spontaneous expressions of thanks and satisfaction:

"Your welcome and valuable present is a splendid gift," writes J. D., of Garratt Lane, Tooting, S.W. "I will not say that it has 'exceeded my expectations,' because during the years that I have been a regular reader of JOHN BULL I have always known its promises to be fulfilled."

Expectation realised

From a Carlisle reader comes the following: "I am more than delighted with the Gilette razor, though, needless to say, I expected the best. My new reader was inclined to believe there must be a 'catch' in it when I explained the offer, but now he is full of praise for JOHN BULL."

"The gift is a unique offer in journalism," says H. H. D., Clive Road, Cardiff, "being a real good, serviceable instrument, of which I am very proud," while C. W. H., of Sling Cottages, Bulford Camp, Wilts, writes: "I was convinced that the gift would be worthy of the paper. I will say therefore that I was not disappointed, which is the highest compliment I can pay you."

One gratifying feature of the correspondence is that the great majority of new readers declare that they intend to remain regular purchasers of the paper, and registered under our Free Insurance Scheme.

H. W. C., of Forest Hill, writes: "I am very pleased with the gift, but I am more pleased that, through the good offices of my friend, JOHN BULL was introduced into my house. Becoming a regular reader has given me considerably more pleasure than your generous gift, which is as good as it looks. May the day come when your circulation reaches the 1,500,000 mark."

"What a splendid gift!" writes D. M., Northampton Road, Market Harboro'. "It isn't often one gets something for nothing. I only became a reader through your scheme, but I shall continue to be one of the million."

This tribute comes from a Maidenhead reader: "I am highly delighted with JOHN BULL'S extraordinary gift, not unique gift. I am confident that the enterprise of the proprietors will be amply rewarded."

Prompt and straight

Another from Barking runs: "My friend and I are more than pleased. We were surprised to receive the razors so quickly, though we ought to have known that JOHN BULL is as prompt as it is straightforward."

"A wonderful gift to possess," says a Kensal reader, "and all the better for having no advertisement of any kind on it. On to the Two Millions!"

Wonderful tributes, it will be admitted.

A

by Majo

WHEN the future, the minds of in design

THE Pact of Locarno widespread satisfac It is, however, ra satisfaction usuall pleasure that we have prov ment for the healing of on Europe and played a leadin far more secure than it h since 1919.

Nowhere have I seen any that in helping others we and at least reduced a dange

While all sensible person have a direct interest there are not a few who tinguished gentleman after named is a soft-hearted old diddled by designing neigh for obligations with which have nothing to do.

These persons sincerely be wise to return to a polic European entanglements a avoid all European wars.

Isolation impossible

Now, it would not be at a trade, finance and a dozen involved us in Europe that impossible; but, apart fro taken place in the last ten change in our position whic realise.

From the military point o to be an island. Before 19 our shores were our prime so long as our admirals t supreme at sea we could, a advised us to do on a fan comfortably in our beds."

But from that day in Dec first German air-raid on th and Dover was bombed, th able to assure us of unbroke

The Schneider cup has ju plane which had an average per hour. In 1913 the sam machine with an average miles per hour. That kind on every year, almost every yet see where it will end.

At that rate of flying by seaplanes are much heavier of aircraft—Nantes, Dijon, Munster are all within two h —that is to say, the greate whole of Belgium and Holl of Germany.

Our vulnerable island

Think what that would involved in another great countries I have mentioned to attack from the air as f We have in Greater Lond Government and the throng million people. Such a tar nowhere else in the world.

Our memories may be sho many Londoners who have air-raids of the summer of raids appear almost insignifi what might happen to-da

A Staggering Thought!

by Major-General Sir FREDERICK MAURICE, K.C.M.G.

WHEN the nation realises what the horrors of war will be in the future, every voice will be raised in protest against it. Yet the minds of our scientists and inventors are continually occupied in designing more and more deadly engines of destruction

THE Pact of Locarno has been received with widespread satisfaction in Great Britain. It is, however, rather curious that this satisfaction usually takes the form of pleasure that we have provided most of the ointment for the healing of one of the open sores of Europe and played a leading role in making peace far more secure than it has been at any time since 1919.

Nowhere have I seen any recognition of the fact that in helping others we have helped ourselves, and at least reduced a danger which threatens us.

While all sensible persons are agreed that we have a direct interest in preserving peace, there are not a few who believe that the distinguished gentleman after whom this paper is named is a soft-hearted old fellow, who is usually diddled by designing neighbours and gets let in for obligations with which he had much better have nothing to do.

These persons sincerely think that we would be wise to return to a policy of isolation, avoid all European entanglements and so, as they hope, avoid all European wars.

Isolation impossible

Now, it would not be at all difficult to show that trade, finance and a dozen other factors have so involved us in Europe that isolation is practically impossible; but, apart from all this, there has taken place in the last ten years a fundamental change in our position which the public is slow to realise.

From the military point of view we have ceased to be an island. Before 1914 the seas which girt our shores were our prime means of defence, and so long as our admirals told us that we were supreme at sea we could, as the late Lord Fisher advised us to do on a famous occasion, "sleep comfortably in our beds."

But from that day in December, 1914, when the first German air-raid on this country took place and Dover was bombed, the Navy ceased to be able to assure us of unbroken slumber.

The Schneider cup has just been won by a seaplane which had an average speed of over 232 miles per hour. In 1913 the same cup was won by a machine with an average speed of thirty-eight miles per hour. That kind of progress is going on every year, almost every day, and no one can yet see where it will end.

At that rate of flying by a heavy machine—for seaplanes are much heavier than many other types of aircraft—Nantes, Dijon, Metz, Wiesbaden and Munster are all within two hours' flight of London—that is to say, the greater part of France, the whole of Belgium and Holland and a good strip of Germany.

Our vulnerable island

Think what that would mean if we became involved in another great war. None of the countries I have mentioned is at all as vulnerable to attack from the air as is our crowded island. We have in Greater London the centre of our Government and the thronged homes of some ten million people. Such a target for aircraft exists nowhere else in the world.

Our memories may be short, but there cannot be many Londoners who have forgotten the German air-raids of the summer of 1917. Yet those air-raids appear almost insignificant when we think of what might happen to-day, while imagination totters at the thought of what may happen in the future.

During the four years of the Great War, German aircraft dropped about 240 tons of bombs upon England and killed rather more than 1,000 people. To-day 240 tons of bombs could be dropped on London in a single night and such attacks would be kept up.

A terrible picture

But I have only spoken of bombs. Suppose, instead of explosive bombs, the enemy were to rain poison-gas upon us. How are ten million people, about four times the strength of our vast Army in France in 1917, to be provided with gas masks?

Suppose even that were done, they won't shield us from the effects of such irritants as the mustard gas which was used in the War. The traces of such gases would make London absolutely uninhabitable.

And, lastly, suppose London is uninhabitable, as it certainly will be if attacked by a Power with a strong air force, what then? How are ten million trekking out into the home counties to be supplied with food. What about sanitation and the effects of its absence?

If London can be made uninhabitable, the docks of London can be made useless, and not only the docks of London, but those of our southern ports and the shipping within them. From those docks and from that shipping comes the food on which London and the home counties live.

Within a few days the people of London flying from the city of desolation to find refuge from the deadly rain from the sky would be on the verge of starvation; within a week they would be actually starving. Government would cease, because the Government would be helpless. You can't govern ten million seekers for food.

In such circumstances men, aye and women too, tend to become animals. It would be a grim struggle for the survival of the physically fittest, and a struggle which would not last long. Disease would certainly follow on starvation. Sanitary conveniences cannot be improvised for ten million panic-stricken people. There would be no one to bury the dead.

Self-seeking safety

But I have said enough. Anyone can add from his own imagination to the horrors which an uncontrolled flight from London would mean. What we have to remember is that man's control of the air is even yet in its infancy.

We may in twenty years' time, those of us who are alive, look with a patronising smile at the marvellous performances of to-day, just as we now look back at the motor-car of 1900. We have also to remember that of all the countries in the world we are the most exposed to attack from the air.

What we could do to Paris, or to Berlin, terrible as it might be, would be insignificant in comparison with what France or Germany could do to us. It is a small matter to feed a million or so of refugees in countries which provide most of their food, when compared with the task of feeding ten million in a country which gets its supplies from beyond the sea.

We used to be able to say that the frontiers from which danger might issue were the coasts opposite our eastern and southern shores. To-day the danger zone has moved back hundreds of miles from those coasts, and it is constantly growing larger.

Major-General Sir Frederick Maurice, K.C.M.G.

Therefore it is not mere altruism or any general sense of the advantages of peace, but our own vital interest, which should cause us to help to remove every possible danger-spot from Europe.

But, it may be said, "Everything that you have written here merely strengthens the case for keeping out of Europe, for refusing to be drawn into European wars."

Fire-extinguishers needed

The answers to that objection are—first, that it is not in any circumstances pleasant to have to live with a pistol pointed at your heart, and by the grace of those with whom you refuse to co-operate; secondly, that ever since we have been a great nation we have been drawn willy-nilly into every general European conflagration, and therefore I have not much confidence in our being able to keep out of the next if it comes.

So I prefer to help to provide fire-extinguishers rather than to adopt the more exciting role of watching the fire and wondering whether it is going to reach my house.

I do not think that the fire is likely to come in a year or two or even in a good many years, but we who have burned our fingers should at least bring our children up both to dread fire and to know how to prevent it.

Neglect of opportunity

Locarno is a very satisfactory beginning, but it is only a beginning. All the authorities are now agreed that in the next European war the whole of the countries of the nations engaged and all the men, women and children in them will be in the zone of danger.

Many of them also consider that the chief attack will be directed, not as heretofore against the opposing armies and navies, but against the opposing people, in order to cow them into submission. In that event the easiest targets will be the most crowded and largest centres of population.

Let us apply these theories to our own case and circumstances and think what neglect of opportunity to-day may mean in horror and destruction in the future.

Candid Communications

Outspoken Messages to Celebrities, Notorieties and, occasionally, Nonentities

To the Rt. Hon. Sir W. JOYNSON-HICKS, M.P., Home Secretary.

DEAR "JIX,"—I am afraid your recent speech to the Magistrates Association, in which you urged your hearers when dealing with first offenders to "make the sentence so severe that they will not want it a second time," was marked neither by intelligence nor by humanity. It would have been a worthier exercise of your official powers to insist upon a fuller use of the Probation Acts, so as to save first offenders from the disgrace and contamination of the jail. JOHN BULL.

To Colonel G. R. LANE-FOX, M.P., Minister of Mines.

SIR,—At the inquest at Derby on Oliver Randall, a fifteen-year-old pit-boy, killed by a runaway wagon at the Swanwick Colliery, it was admitted that this poor lad had been working seventy hours a week instead of the forty-six hours permitted for young persons under sixteen. The only excuse advanced for this scandalous infringement of the law was that there was a shortage of boys owing to an extra shift being worked. It is to be presumed that you will take immediate action in the face of this impudent evasion of a regulation solely designed to protect mine-workers. The laxity of some coal-owners in these matters is positively criminal. JOHN BULL.

To the Hon. Mr. Justice SANKEY, Royal Courts of Justice.

SIR,—The principle that "an Englishman's home is his castle" finds its latest embodiment in the Rent Restriction Acts, and I am glad to see that you are resolved to allow no trifling with measures designed to protect the homes of the poor. In a recent case where an artful attempt had been made to drive a coach-and-four through the Prevention of Eviction Act, you took a short cut through a maze of technicalities, declaring that to persuade a tenant to sign away his rights under the statute was a perversion of the law which the courts would refuse to recognise. Not for the first time you have proved that in your court, at any rate, equity and law are interchangeable terms. JOHN BULL.

To Mr. A. J. COOK, Secretary, Miners' Federation.

DEAR MR. COOK,—It seems that, like the Fat Boy who upset the nerves of Mr. Pickwick, you are determined to make our flesh creep. Your latest intimation is that you are "hatching something," and that we had all better be prepared for a terrible uprising next spring. I should be loth to suggest that the wish is father to the thought, but it is pretty evident that you are much less concerned to find a peaceful solution of the mining deadlock than to fan the embers of resentment into the flame of revolt. Such rash incendiarism is a grave disservice to an otherwise just cause. JOHN BULL.

To the MEDICAL SERVICES SUB-COMMITTEE, London Insurance Committee.

GENTLEMEN,—At your last meeting it was stated that a panel doctor had told an insured person to "go to hell and do your damnedest." You were satisfied that there had been a breach of the terms of service, that the doctor had used improper language, and "advised" the refund of 9s. to the patient. I am not satisfied. The names of the parties were suppressed. In my opinion, the doctor's name should be published, that decent people may know him for what he is—a fellow entirely unfitted for the noble profession he assumes. JOHN BULL.

To Mr. J. R. MACDONALD, Stipendiary Magistrate, Hull.

DEAR SIR,—In committing to the assizes Harry Forte, a dock labourer, charged with attempted murder of his wife, you told him he was entitled to ask the judge for legal aid. If refused, he could point to any barrister in the courts and say, "I desire you to defend me"; and if the prisoner could pay one guinea he could not be denied the help he sought. This is the information which should be given to all poor prisoners and just what many magistrates cruelly refuse to offer. You have more humanity. JOHN BULL.

THE GUY THEY COULDN'T BURN!

To Dame ELLEN TERRY, Burleigh Mansions, W.C.

DEAR MADAM,—You are wonderful. At seventy-eight years of age you propose to reappear on the stage at two matinée performances in aid of King Edward's Hospital Fund. That you will act the fairy godmother is in keeping with your love of little children and the secret of your perpetual youth. Your unflagging interest in things around you is as characteristic as it is charming. JOHN BULL.

To Mr. WILLIAM POWELL, Chairman, Bridgend Magistrates.

SIR,—By what authority do you attempt to clear the court of women when cases of girl victims of assault are under consideration? It would be less insulting to intelligence if you suggested that men unconnected with such cases should retire. This one-sex arrogance is out of date. By their refusal to notice you the women of Bridgend evidently think so, and they are right. JOHN BULL.

To Mrs. THOMAS OWEN, Balham, S.W.

DEAR MADAM,—When a burglar entered your house and stunned you by hitting you with a piece of rubber, your little son Tommy did not, as a little child of three might have been excused for doing, stand still screaming with fright. Instead, he ran out of the house, calling upon neighbours for help. Tommy has the makings of a man in him. He is a little fellow of whom I am proud. JOHN BULL.

To Mrs. SMITHETT, Moral Care and Welfare Secretary, Y.W.C.A.

DEAR MADAM,—Your two hostels, where any girl is welcome, however ragged, starving, or bad and whether she can pay or not, more than justify their existence. Last year you helped 533 poor lassies, and in the past nine months 450. It is splendid to know that of these last 136 are now doing well in respectable situations. Keep pegging away at your job. JOHN BULL.

To Miss M. E. THOMAS, Angoed Farm, Llanarth.

DEAR MISS THOMAS,—As the winner of the annual dairy-maid's championship contest held in London I congratulate you. For eleven years you have churned on your father's farm, averaging 20 lb. of butter a week. In the contest you churned 18 lb. of cream into 9 lb. of butter eight minutes under the allotted two hours, making up the finished product into a veritable work of art. Your womanly skill is of the sort that Britain badly needs. JOHN BULL.

Straight from the Shoulder

STANLEY BALDWIN:—"I am the skipper of a good team able to bat down to the eleventh man."
A team won't do much good if its captain never takes the field.

* * *

MR. AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN:—"It (the Pact) does not make war impossible."
More serious is the fact that it does not even make war improbable.

* * *

MR. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN:—"I look forward to the day when a blind person will be as rare as swallows in October."
In that case you'll work for slum clearance, birth control, and no more war.

* * *

SIR P. CUNLIFFE-LISTER:—"The more we buy from the Empire the more the Empire will buy from us."
A theory unhappily scotched by the refusal to float the Australian loan.

Without Fear or Favour

WRIGGLING ON THE HOOK

Stop the Waste!

IT is announced that Sir David Shackleton, "Chief Labour Adviser to the Ministry of Labour," will retire next month on reaching the age of sixty-two.

Sir David Shackleton's salary has been £3,000 a year plus what was originally "war bonus," but is now more appropriately termed "cost of living bonus." What that has amounted to we do not know, but it is doubtless on record.

Precisely what the duties of "Chief Labour Adviser to the Ministry of Labour" are have never been made public, but it was generally believed that the appointment of a genuine working-man to a responsible post would be a most effective means of promoting harmony between Governments and Labour.

Now that he is retiring, what is the Government going to do? What possible excuse can there be for keeping on this office? It must cost, with secretaries and paraphernalia generally, well over £5,000 a year.

There is a similar office at the Ministry of Mines, where Mr. Brace, another erstwhile giant of the Labour Party, was appointed (we believe) at £3,000 a year to keep peace especially in the mining world.

How soon the age-limit for retirement will come there also we do not know, but of this we are certain—that if Mr. Baldwin does not plant his foot firmly down and end the expense at the Ministry of Labour, as a preliminary, the country will have something emphatic to say about it.

Excellent men though Shackleton and Brace are, we know only too well that the hope of dealing with organised Labour by their instrumentality has, by no fault of theirs of course, been an utter delusion.

Labour leaders nowadays have learned the trick of refusing to deal with anybody except the Prime Minister in person. That is another Lloyd George legacy.

A Much-needed Move

INTERESTING developments have followed the publication of our recent article, "Rogues of the Rostrum," in which we drew attention to the mock auction menace.

A deputation, in which the Incorporated Society of Auctioneers was represented, has paid a visit to the Home Office to urge legislation.

Mr. G. Locker-Lampson, Parliamentary Under-Secretary to the Home Office, stated that the police would be instructed to take immediate action against persons abusing the privileges of an auctioneer's licence.

This is a move in the right direction—and a much-needed move, too. For it is not only in London that these sharks flourish. That they have their confrères in the provinces is clearly shown by a lengthy newspaper report that is before us at the moment.

JOHN BULL has set the ball rolling; it is for the authorities to keep it on the move!

Mr. Gee's Eyewash

TO evade plain facts and answer arguments that were never advanced is surely an admission of a weak case. We leave it to our readers to decide whether we or the coal-owners are right

WE have received a letter from Mr. Phillip Gee. Mr. Phillip Gee is the chief of the sedentary and well-paid scribes employed by the coal-owners to spread black propaganda against the miners.

In an article in these columns on October 24 we stigmatised the propaganda as unintelligent and mendacious. We did so because it asserted that the production of the British miner was less than that of the American miner, while omitting to explain that for geological reasons coal-getting in America is an altogether easier job than it is here, and because it made no mention of the fact that the output of the British miner was higher than that of Continental miners.

Mr. W. A. Lee, Secretary of the Mining Association

In his letter to us Mr. Gee does not deny the information which we set forth on that occasion, the suppression of which from his propaganda was so grave an offence against truth.

Instead, he is at pains to point out that the British miner gets a better wage than the German miner, and apparently thinks that if it came down to the same low level all would be well with the industry.

He might just as well argue that the British and German miners ought to be paid no more than the coolies in the mines of India or China.

The issue is not what this or that country pays its miners, but whether British miners, working under British conditions, get a decent living. We happen to know that many of them do not.

We say bluntly that we are not greatly concerned with any other issue. We shall insist, as we have insisted in the past, that the miners—who risk their lives every time they go down into the pit—have justice on their side in this question.

If the coal-owners are so keen on equalitarian principles, why don't they go up, instead of down, the scale, taking the high wages paid to American miners as a standard.

WE withdraw nothing. We say again that the British coal industry doesn't pay because the owners have feudal minds and don't know how to run it.

The only reply that these dismal failures can make is to reiterate the claptrap of higher output, lower wages. To tell men who can hardly keep body and soul together that they must do with still less and work much harder—could anything more callous, more stupid, more depressing, be imagined?

And yet experts compute that every year, in the ordinary course of mining, the miners produce sixty million tons of small coal, of which hardly any use is made, but which is ideal material for pulverising into powdered fuel, or for carbonising for the production of oil, gas, and smokeless fuel of high quality.

What is the sense of urging the miners to produce more when so much of their existing output is never made use of, while that which is made use of is wastefully consumed?

MR. GEE quotes evidence given before the Royal Commission to show that the total production is the same as before the War, but that 166,000 more persons are now employed in the industry. But his figures do not include the sixty million tons of which we have spoken. Obviously the solution is to make the best possible use of coal, not to increase the quantity available for waste.

If the coal-owners don't realise this truth soon, the nation will have to give them notice to quit

Land Blackmail

IF the Government is alive to facts it will turn its attention to the curse of the land monopoly in the great cities. There is no more urgent problem confronting the rulers of this country than to free the soil from the grip of the profiteer, and to abolish the scandal of the slums.

Land is a necessity of life, as much so as food and air. Without land not one industry can be carried on, not a man employed, not a single family housed.

Moreover, it is strictly limited in quantity, so that if any possess more than their share, some must of necessity be starved, unless they can make such terms with the monopolists as will allow them to live.

The greed of the land monopolist imposes an unjust toll on every effort at social betterment, a tax on air and sunlight, a levy on health and happiness. Land hunger is at the root of most of our social miseries.

Common justice demands that the urban landowner shall begin to pay for the privileges he enjoys. It is the citizens' hard work which has built up the business of the towns without which urban sites would have no more than a prairie value.

It is plain justice that the burden of improvements, of slum clearances and town-planning schemes, should fall not upon the already overtaxed rate-payers, but upon the owners of land values created by the community.

The iniquitous leasehold system which confiscates the goodwill of a business without a shred of compensation is another blot. The land monopoly calls for a frontal attack by the combined forces of progress and good will.

War Waste

PEOPLE who are told that the warmongers all over the world are actively preparing for the next war are apt to be sceptical.

It is hard to believe that after the untold horrors of the last war there should still be people who are unconvinced of the fallacy that force settles anything.

Facts, however, are stubborn things. The colossal figure of £514,000,000—the amount spent last year by the nations of the world on the maintenance and increase of military preparations—is one of these stubborn facts.

The tragic side of this statement lies in the fact that not a single penny is ever spent by any Government in active preparations for peace.

History has proved again and again that the theory of preparing for war in order to get peace is the biggest fallacy that has ever deluded mankind.

A world that would spend even a tithe of £514,000,000 in active peace work would be safe for ever from the horrors of war.

Meanwhile it is just as well that the tax-ridden peoples should know in what direction their money is being spent.

The Worst is Over!

by A. G. GARDINER

IT is too soon to say that the days of the dole are numbered; but not too soon to hope that we have seen the worst and that we may soon be definitely on the up-grade. High wages and high output will see us through

The Rt. Hon. Neville Chamberlain, M.P., who administers Unemployment Benefit

IT is pleasant to read that in the past fortnight the unemployment figures have decreased by 77,000, and still pleasanter to hear of those buds of promise that are appearing here and there in the trade of the country. They do not amount to much yet. They are straws in the wind; but they suggest that the wind is beginning to blow from the right quarter.

It is too soon to say that the days of the dole are numbered; but it is not too soon to hope that we have seen the worst and that we may soon be definitely on the up-grade.

And before I go further I should like to say a word on the "dole." It is an unpleasant word and an unpleasant thing.

But do not let us forget that it has tided this country over the most desperate years in its modern history and has saved us from an industrial catastrophe that would certainly have brought unprecedented misery and probably revolution.

A misnamed benefit

There is another point to be borne in mind. It ought not to be called a "dole." That is giving a dog a bad name which is not its true name. We have got so much into the habit of the nickname that we forget that it is not a dole at all, but honest insurance pay, out of a fund to which the employer, the workman and the State contribute.

That scheme is one of the most splendid pieces of social legislation ever enacted in this or any country, and in normal times it will not only be self-sustaining, but will have a great balance for extending its benefits.

The great post-War depression caught it before it had had time to accumulate reserves, and it had to borrow from the Treasury, but that phase is past, the borrowings are being repaid, and even with the present degree of unemployment the system is paying its way.

You may say that the "uncovenanted benefit" for those who are out of insurance is a "dole," but even that is only benefit in advance of anticipated contributions. It is a loan and not a dole.

Scandalous abuses

What would have been our case without this magnificent piece of machinery? We should have had not starving individuals, but starving cities, such a condition of social ruin, disorder and misery as had never been experienced.

Just consider what the position of a great area like the Tyneside district would have been, for example. Great towns face one another on both sides of the river for several miles, from Newcastle to Shields. The area is famous as a shipbuilding, mining, shipping and engineering centre.

It has been in the past, and we hope will be again, one of the great strongholds of our commercial supremacy. But look at the situation to-day. Here are the percentages of the registered unemployed in the leading industries:

Steel manufacturing ..	65 per cent.
Coal mining	30.4 per cent.
Shipbuilding	34.32 per cent.
Marine engineering ..	30 per cent.
Engineering	27.90 per cent.

What would the condition of this vast population have been if it had not had this tremendous protection against the storm?

No doubt there are many mischiefs connected with the system. People get the benefit who ought not to get it. The mobility of labour is checked. Men stay at home and take the pay in preference to moving to other places where they might get work. Emigration is stopped. Many who would otherwise go abroad remain in England because they are sure of a bare living.

Worst of all is the mischievous effect of the benefits to boys and girls. A generation is arising which looks upon support from the State and contributions by its fellow-workers as a natural right. Cases are even reported of young people who have married on the benefit.

Safeguarding limit

There is no doubt that the existence of this class presents a problem of the gravest menace, and the only way of dealing with it is to prohibit absolutely the payment of benefit to workers below the age of twenty-one, unless they have dependants.

But, after we have made all allowance for these defects, the fact remains that the insurance system has enabled this country to weather a storm which might have wrecked it.

There is another point which ought not to be overlooked. This money that has been kept in circulation has not only staved off distress and kept down discontents: it has helped trade and stabilised conditions. It has been spent for boots and clothes and food, and to that extent has kept commerce going and labour going.

Finally, though the unemployed figures are still alarming enough, they are less serious than they seem, for they include at least many thousands of unemployables, who without the insurance system would still have to be maintained somehow, and who are better dealt with through this machinery than through charities and poor relief.

At the same time, the country cannot permanently carry a load of 11 per cent. of unemployed. Nor do I think it will be called upon to do so. The settlement of Europe is at last in sight, and with that settlement consumption all round will tend to increase and our share of the general trade will increase with it.

I do not share the fear that we shall not be able to maintain our population or that we shall have to lower the standard of living. The population problem has reached its acutest phase, largely through the cessation of emigration, but the flow of emigration will come again and all the expert forecasts indicate that the natural increase of population has nearly reached its limit.

A wave of good trade will mop up all the present overflow of our existing population, and the probability is that in the near future we shall be suffering not from an excess of labour, but from a shortage of labour.

Disappearing handicap

This means that the standard of life will not be threatened. That is all to the good. We are not going to help the commerce of this country by cutting down the life of the people to the Continental level, and the so-called "dole" has been useful in helping us to preserve our standard.

As the Continental position improves the standard must rise there, and as it rises the handicap on our production will disappear. High wages and high output are the twin cures for our trouble. On that line—and on that line alone—we shall win through, and the days of the "dole" will be only a memory.

A Very T

The housing conditions in this country are a disgrace to any nation calling itself civilised

PERSISTENT public clamour has compelled the Government at long last to tackle with some show of earnestness the building of brick boxes fit for heroes to die in. But though it is proudly claimed that houses are now being raised at the rate of 150,000 a year, a characteristic report by the Chelsea Housing Association suggests that there isn't much to brag about yet.

Sir Kingsley Wood

In this comparatively well-to-do borough of the richest city in the world, there are "flagrantly insanitary and verminous dwellings," for which, says the report, "there is no excuse." More than four thousand persons in cultured Chelsea live in single-room "homes," eleven thousand in two rooms, thirteen thousand in three rooms!

If that is the best that transcendental Government activity can produce in a rich metropolitan district like Chelsea, what are the conditions in Poplar, Hoxton and Bermondsey, or the real slum regions of our big provincial towns?

Sir Kingsley Wood says "they are the breeding-places of disease and crime"; Sir Arbuthnot Lane, the famous surgeon, tells us that "avoidable ill-health and disease" cost us five hundred million pounds a year, and that we waste as much again through the physical and mental inefficiency of people who, though unfit, bravely carry on with their jobs.

Little children are starved of air and sunlight, which are as necessary to their growth as wholesome food; adult workers are robbed of energy in overcrowded and pestilential fever dens.

WHY do we allow this appalling and idiotic waste of national health and wealth? The one and only reason is that the rights of property are still preferred by our ruling authorities to the rights of human life.

Still more ghastly and imbecile, because more easily preventable, is the scarcity of room to live in our villages. Land here is comparatively cheap. If building materials were supplied, handy men could build decent dwellings for themselves.

But because country workers are unorganised and helplessly negligible in Parliamentary voting power, nothing is done for them. Our peasantry, "their country's pride," may be herded and

The Great Paper God

by "A GENTLEMAN WITH A DUSTER"

THE greatest delusion under which this country is suffering is that the face value of money is of the slightest significance. What money will buy is the real point, and no opportunity should be lost of driving this truth home

ONE of my readers, a Christian Socialist, takes me to task for a recent article of mine in a manner which enables me to deal very simply and inclusively with the question of Socialism. He asks me how I can find it in my heart to defend the present policy of our bankers, when the policy is so injurious to British industry and so evidently the selfish policy of the usurer.

As I pointed out in my article last week, much of the inspiration for the writing of the articles which appear on this page week by week is obtained from the perusal of letters sent to me by my readers, and my Christian Socialist friend is quite within his rights in expressing his dissent from anything I may write.

"Mr. Philip Snowden has announced," he writes, "that the Labour Party will nationalise the banks, and for this promise alone I should support Labour. Nationalise the banks; get rid of the private usurer, who gets rich by lending other people's money; and you would see a very different England in six months."

Bankers' gross stupidity

I am opposed to the present financial policy of the country, and I believe that the bankers of England are behaving with gross stupidity. I have long considered that our bankers are very timid creatures.

Few men in the country can be more impatient with our bankers than I am, or more eager to see them acting in a spirit of truer statesmanship and greater patriotism.

But when Mr. Snowden announces that one of the first things the Labour Party will do is to nationalise the banks, I say to myself that a man who could even contemplate such an action must be suffering from delusions.

For let any honest person, whose reason is intact, ask himself what it would mean if the currency of the country were entirely in the hands of the Government of the day. I do not care whether the Government should be Conservative or Labour; I say at once that I would no more trust a Conservative Government with so vital a matter than I would trust Mr. George Lansbury as Governor of the Bank of England or Mr. Pollitt as Master of the Mint.

Broken reeds

For, what would it mean? It would mean that the printing-presses would be ordered to cure every ill of our economic condition, and that every unemployed person would find his pockets so stuffed with paper money that the earned wages of the worker would cease to have a meaning.

It is impossible to trust a Government, clinging as all Governments do to office, and afraid as all Governments are of mob clamour, with the currency of the country. Money must bear a strict relation to the manufactures of the nation; it must represent things which the nation has made, is making, or is able to make; it must never circulate in our midst as the bribes of politicians.

Not in the interest of the millionaire, but in the interest of the humblest wage-earner in the smallest town or in the most outlying hamlet of these islands, it is absolutely vital that our currency should have no contact whatever with the House of Commons.

Now this, I imagine, must be clear to all responsible men whose brains are not crazed by Utopian dreams; and I will leave the matter at once in order that I may deal with the radical difference which separates private enterprise from Socialism.

The Rt. Hon. Philip Snowden, M.P., who favours nationalisation of the banks

Just as I criticise our bankers, so do I criticise the present industrial condition of the country. I am not satisfied with things as they are. I desire to see a far higher standard of life in British democracy and a far more intelligent use of Britain's economic opportunities by our captains of industry.

But because I do not believe that committees of politicians could run the industries of the country with any more success than politicians could control its finances, I am opposed to Socialism.

I believe that Socialism would be the enemy of all genius, all original or exceptional men; and I believe that enterprise, initiative and creative thinking would immediately perish in a community so mad as to entrust its economic future to politicians.

Inspiring idealism

I mean that Mr. Winston Churchill and Mr. Neville Chamberlain would as infallibly ruin the trade and commerce of this country as Lady Cynthia Moseley and Mr. Jack Jones of Silvertown.

But I am not blind. I do not admire the profiteer, and I am seldom so bored as when I am talking to millionaires. I see the present competitive struggle as something very repulsive in many of its aspects, and in some of its aspects extremely cruel. No; I am not satisfied with things as they are. Indeed, I make claim to an idealism as true, as earnest and as far-reaching as the idealism which inspires the higher kind of Socialist.

I want, indeed, to see the principle of co-operation at work in our midst and the spirit of Christianity inspiring our entire national life.

How do I expect that things should be better than they are under a system which I confess is repulsive in many of its aspects and even cruel in others? Let me explain. I look at the present system and see many good and conscientious employers, and many honest and contented workpeople. Therefore, I say to myself, it is not the system which is wrong but some of the men who are working it.

The sense of responsibility

Because a drunkard drives a Rolls-Royce car into a lamp-post or over a child, I do not say that no man should drive a Morris-Oxford car, or that only teetotallers should be allowed to drive a Rolls-Royce.

In other words, I stick to my faith in private enterprise, and exercise all the strong passion I possess for Idealism by striving to create in all sorts and conditions of men, employers and employed, rich and poor, educated and ignorant, a sense of moral responsibility and a desire for spiritual growth.

Instead of scrapping the machine, I seek to improve the man who is working it.

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agic Comedy

by ALEX. M. THOMPSON ("Dangle")

huddled in ramshackle hovels unfit for pigs to live in. One reads in one day's paper of five in a bed at Newton Abbot, thirteen in three rooms at Birmingham, eighteen persons in three rooms at Eastbourne, labourers paying rent to sleep in stables and outhouses.

Horrible and unnatural outrages on young girls and children result from overcrowding. The medical officer for Monmouthshire lately reported that the misery and disease propagated in the hovels allotted to country workers cost the country millions of pounds a year.

The scarcity of room to live affects not only the labourers, but even the small farmers. There was a case in my own neighbourhood where a man bought a small farm of seventy acres with two cottages. As he wanted to marry, he tried to get possession of both these dwellings, one for himself and one for his helper on the farm. He succeeded in securing one for his labourer.

But he has been to court five times in two years to obtain possession of the other, and is told by the Kent Agricultural Committee that as he is still a single man he must live in lodgings. He is therefore compelled to lodge with his labourer!

IN another case a young man started in life by leasing a small farm with two cottages and a large house, which he let to a larger family, proposing to use the two cottages for himself and his labourer. But one of the cottages is occupied by a former tenant on the farm who is now engaged on a building job three and a half miles away, and possession is refused to the farmer who is actually working the land.

He is told that he ought to keep the big house for himself, and that to secure the cottage he must incur the further extravagance of hiring another labourer. The young man's sole chance of making a living is to start by ruining himself!

SUCH is our bureaucratic way of fostering an industry which is notoriously in a desperate plight. This young man, who has been scientifically trained for his job, is officially denied room to live in a dwelling expressly provided "for the proper working of an agricultural holding." At present he rents a room a mile from his work, and sleeps, after a hard day's toil, on a sofa three sizes too small for him.

According to the Kent Committee, he will have to remain there for the rest of his life, unless he adds to his other risks and troubles the cost and hazard of a wife.

The decision is opposed to the plain intention of the law. It is an outrage on common-sense, on private right, and, worst of all, on a most urgent national interest.

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'RAT AND THISTLE' MERCHANTS

by Sir WILLIAM BEACH THOMAS, K.B.E.

UNLESS steps are taken to ensure that better use is made of the land starvation will stare us in the face. It is a suicidal policy to continue to depend on foreign countries for our supply of food

A POLITICIAN said twenty years ago that 12,000,000 British people were on the edge of starvation. In one sense it was true and is still true—so true that a to-day's politician might go a step further and argue that 24,000,000 British people are facing starvation, that every other householder may have to tighten his belt, to accept a lower standard of living, to eat less meat, and have fewer eggs and worse clothes.

The reason is the simple one that we are refusing to grow food at home, and for the first time in our history we are not selling enough manufactured goods to pay for the food that other people grow for us.

It was said a generation ago that if a foreign nation cared to "corner" wheat in America we should all be tightening our belts within six weeks.

Such possibilities grow more likely every year. We import more and we grow less as our population increases. We now send £400,000,000 abroad for food while we have at least 25,000,000 acres lying idle, or comparatively idle, at home.

It is not a mere phrase or picturesque exaggeration to say that England and Scotland are relapsing to prairie or desert.

Villages that vanish

I have visited every English county for no other object than to see its farms, and since those journeys began I have seen a few villages totally vanish, and a great number dwindle in population and in wealth; but I have never seen the land decay so fast as within the last four years. The slow consumption has become a galloping consumption.

One owner of hundreds of ex-cornfields is known as "the rat-and-thistle merchant." It is not too much to say that the landscape is now a waste of weeds and vermin, made so by a bad landlord. Farmers used to boast of employing five men to 100 acres; they now boast of employing one.

It is a real and present danger that this scandalous waste of the homeland will soon affect everyone who has to buy bread or butter or cheese or eggs or bacon. The prairie breakfast table follows the prairie acre. We get the majority of these foods necessary to all, but especially to the poor, from overseas.

Very slight changes might double or treble the prices. An even smaller change might at any moment divert the Danish supplies of bacon and butter to their Continental neighbours; and if that happened these two foods might rise 30 per cent. and be hard to acquire.

Britain's wasting disease

The bare truth is that Britain is suffering from consumption, the variety of consumption that is opposed to production. The consumers consume more, and the producers, especially the food-producers, produce less.

Exactly the opposite is happening in nearly every European country, certainly in Belgium, Holland, Denmark, Sweden, Poland and Czecko-Slovakia. I have been lately in Denmark visiting the small farms that make a happy mosaic of the three Danish islands. A countryside more different from ours it would scarcely be possible to devise.

Our country is the better in soil, the better in climate; yet in England I know individual labourers and their families who are suffering something very like starvation.

One particular Essex labourer, whose case especially struck me, has been starving himself (on the evidence of his employer) for the last three years as the only alternative to starving his young children.

His 31s. a week is so eaten up by the grocer's and dairyman's bill and rent that he can rarely afford a sufficient meal of meat for himself or his family.

Banks' bad bargain

His master, the farmer, was overdrawn at the bank by £6,000 and could get no further advances. The land itself was heavily mortgaged; and it is common knowledge in the vicinity that if one Joint Stock Bank liked to be brutal or wished to foreclose, it would become within a month or two the biggest landowner in Britain, dukes included.

People call one bit of England the Dukeries; they might come to call a much wider area the Bankeries. But the banks, too, though they have lent money with the land as security, want anything rather than possession of it.

I am thinking of a particular farm in Essex, which lies along a good road and railway. It is a few miles only from London, much the best market in the world, into which food of every sort pours from every corner of the world, from Australia and New Zealand, 12,000 miles away, and from Ireland and Denmark, just across the little channel and short sea.

The county has in many ways an ideal climate. It has less rainfall than any other part, but a quite sufficient rainfall; it has more than its percentage of sun, and seeds will ripen there that will ripen nowhere else; it is superior to most Danish farms in every known respect. Power ought to be cheap and manures cheap, since the coal is at hand, and the lime is at hand.

Yet the labourer half starves and is ill-housed, the farmer is half bankrupt, and the landlord owes money on mortgages.

What fifty pounds did

Compare this Essex farm with one particular farm in Denmark. Mr. Henricksen, the son of a labourer, was advanced £55 to buy seven acres, with house and buildings. He has rebuilt the whole place and repaid the debt entirely off the profits of his holding.

I have myself seen scores of small holdings like Mr. Henricksen's, and many more scores of British labourers' cottages like the one in Essex!

Something must be wrong, wrong to the point of rottenness, for such contrasts to exist. It matters much to find out what is wrong, and the householder who has to buy breakfast for his family is concerned as much as the countryman.

Certain bare facts stand out. The Danish land-workers, who produce all this bacon, butter and eggs that supply £50,000,000 worth of our breakfast food, *own* the land.

The British labourer, who cannot even feed himself properly, is landless. Only 6 per cent. of the men who work the land in Denmark correspond to our agricultural labourers—that is, are landless and work for farmers.

Sir William Beach Thomas, K.B.E.

How did these Danes come to own the land? It is all a long and rather complicated historical story; but the long past does not matter much. Sixty years ago Denmark was very like England, in some ways more feudal and more hidebound by law and lawyers.

What began the successful small holding movement was the break up of large estates, and the confiscation—though the word was not used—of a part (varying from one-quarter to one-fifth) of the land and money of the old feudal estates. Exactly the same thing is being done in Poland and Czecho-Slovakia, where no estate of more than 1,000 acres is permitted by law.

"Resuming" the land

In some parts of Australia that I have visited, especially in Queensland, this break up of big estates, this veiled confiscation, was enjoying popularity under the name of "resumption." The State "resumed" the land.

It does not, of course, matter what word is used; but what everyone who is concerned with the return to "Merry England" ought to understand is that a real revolution on the land is proceeding very fast in a great many countries and climes, and it is taking the same general direction.

I spent some time on what we should call a farm in Queensland that measured twenty miles by twelve miles, but in Queensland and in New South Wales the tendency is the same as in Denmark, Poland and Czecho-Slovakia—to break up the big estates by confiscation, by resumption, by legislative compulsion.

A vicious triangle

Are we, or are we not, going to take a hand in this revolution, so-called? It is certain that if we want to ensure cheap food and better food, if we want more countrymen, more yeomen, and lower taxes we cannot go on as at present.

No nation can afford to neglect the home supply of food; and the triangle of landowners, farmers and labourers is in modern conditions a vicious triangle. None of the three is left with enough money to put back into the land, and all are taught to dislike the land as a means of livelihood for themselves or the nation.

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Post us your remittance for 32/6 for this wonderful Coat, giving us your height and size round chest over waistcoat, stating whether BLUE OR FAWN SHADE IS PREFERRED.

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Why does common sense suggest Wrigley's after every meal?

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Wrigley's is delightful at any time but after meals it's *useful* as well.

It does for the teeth what nothing else can do. It cleans out all the little particles of food that lodge in the crevices and remain underneath the edge of the gums. It prevents decay by dislodging all these bits of waste and flushing them away. Also by applying under pressure a powerful antiseptic (the delicious essence with which the sweet itself is flavoured).

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Use Wrigley's after your own meals and make sure that the children use it after theirs.

Use it because it saves your teeth, gives your mouth a clean taste, and makes you feel fit.

Use it because you like it, but use it regularly so it can do you the most good. Try it for a month and see the results.

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Flavoury, Economical, Quick—

Think what it means, "Quaker for breakfast!"

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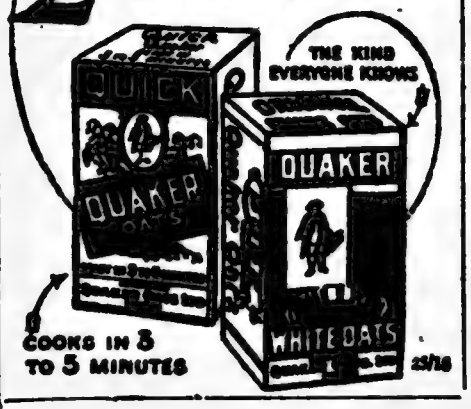
There are two kinds of Quaker—Original Quaker, famous as a delightful energy food for over 40 years, and now a *Quick* Quaker—same flavour, same high food value, same price—which cooks perfectly in 3 to 5 minutes.

For the sake of your family's health and comfort choose one of them. Your grocer has both kinds—only 5d. and 9½d. a packet.

2 KINDS NOW



THE JAIL-BIRD FACTORY

LESSONS OF THE HUDDERSFIELD CASE

by **HOLFORD KNIGHT, Barrister-at-Law.**

THE whole of the North of England and a large part of the South have been stirred to anger by the treatment of a young girl of eighteen by the Huddersfield magistrates. The Home Secretary has been compelled to intervene. The case throws a blinding light on the stupidities of the administration of justice in the police courts.

The facts shortly are these. A young girl was charged before the Huddersfield justices with stealing some jewellery. She was only eighteen, and it was her first offence. She was not represented by a lawyer. There was no one to speak for her. She was bundled off to prison for a month, and there she would be now but for the tumult set up among the sturdy people of the North.

The member for Huddersfield (Mr. J. H. Hudson) headed the agitation. He came to London, bombarded the Home Office, compelled the attention of the Home Secretary, and the girl was released. Such is the force of public opinion.

Left alone to plead

Let us go through this case of the Huddersfield girl to see what is necessary to prevent its repetition. And then every reader will know what should be done. I hope they will give a hand in accomplishing it. The Criminal Justice Bill of the present Government is still before the House of Commons. There is the opportunity to make many changes for the better.

The first glaring thing about this Huddersfield case was the inhumanity of allowing this poor girl to appear with no one to speak up for her. I have repeatedly urged in JOHN BULL that the poor in the police courts should be helped to lay their cases before the magistrates or justices.

I know the difficulties of the subject from all sides. There are spongers in the police courts as everywhere else. In fact, something for nothing is more attractive in the courts than outside. For the something you get may keep you out of prison.

There are many poor people who cannot afford a lawyer, let alone two, as the profession now insists upon when a barrister is required.

But in the police courts, the need of the deserving poor could be fully supplied by the suggestions I have long pressed upon the authorities.

What should be done

Let the probation officer be empowered to scrutinise the charge-sheet before the court sits and mark those cases where he thinks some attention is required. Meanwhile, a volunteer solicitor should interview the defendants.

If they are not in need of voluntary help, they can be advised to get professional assistance. But if they are both poor and deserving, then the answer they want to put before the court can be prepared and presented.

All that is necessary to make these simple but effective changes is a sympathetic Home Secretary and a rota of friendly local solicitors which the Law Society would honour itself by organising.

Another way would be to extend the operation of the Poor Prisoners' Defence Act to the police courts. At present it is available only at Quarter Sessions and Assizes. This extension could be made by the Criminal Justice Bill, and public opinion should stir up members of Parliament to see that it is done.

Moreover, an appeal against sentence should be provided in the police courts as in the higher courts. In the latter, notwithstanding a plea of "guilty," an appeal against excessive sentence can be entered and heard. But in the Huddersfield case, the foolishness of the present limitation was clearly shown.

The girl pleaded "guilty," as she had taken the property, but the penalty of a month's imprisonment for a first offence was iniquitous and could not be justified. The unfortunate girl, as the law now stands, could not get this excessive sentence reviewed and reduced by a court.

Mr. Holford Knight

Only an executive order could affect the sentence by annulling it.

Let an amendment be introduced into the Criminal Justice Bill providing in all cases a chance of appeal against excessive sentence. A girl may be guilty of theft, but that is no reason for taking the risk of ruining her life by imprisoning her for a first offence.

Confidence in the courts

Finally, there remains the problem of placing the unfit and uninstructed persons in the seat of justice. The least a man or woman appointed to the Commission of the Peace could do is to gain some familiarity with the law they are expected to administer. Confidence in the administration of justice in the lower courts can only be counted upon when it is the result of instructed and creditable work by justices of the peace.

A Tragic Festival

by **FRANK BRIANT, M.P.**

ONLY those familiar with the life of the working classes can realise the place loan, slate and similar clubs occupy in their lives. These clubs are firmly established in the favour and custom of many hundreds of thousands.

Unfortunately, as has been pointed out with insistent frequency by JOHN BULL, the management of many of the smaller clubs is so casual and indifferent that every Christmas brings with pathetic and tragic consistency a list of defalcations which spreads dismay into thousands of homes.

The share-out is car-marked for possibly a new suit for Johnny and a new dress for the girl, also the purchase of Christmas fare, including, if possible, a turkey. Too often a few days before the much-anticipated "share-out" there are vague rumours of the disappearance of a treasurer or other officer of the club, and a hurried visit to the bank reveals the fact that there is no balance.

STILL worse on the actual night of distribution a queue of eager men and women wait for the time appointed. There is delay in the arrival of the treasurer, followed by anxiety and fear.

A call at the house of the official of the club shows that he is missing, or, as frequently has happened, he has committed suicide rather than face the people whom he has robbed.

To those who can only think in terms of hundreds of pounds the amounts concerned may seem trivial, but to those thrifty people the loss means a Christmas of despair and sorrow.

OF course the large majority of the clubs are well managed and every precaution is taken to secure the safety of the money deposited, but the effect of the numerous defalcations is actually to discourage thrift.

It is curious that, although there generally exist precautions that no money can be withdrawn from the bank without the signature of two or more of the officers, in many no proof is required that the money is ever deposited. Apart from the loss to the people the temptation to the officials is excessive and almost shameful considering their own not infrequently precarious financial position.

I have come to the conclusion that only legislation will bring security. At the end of 1922 a conference was held at which the chair was taken by Lord Methuen to draw up rules which should protect members of clubs. A committee was formed, of which I was chairman, which obtained great publicity for the suggestions, but I fear there was but little result.

So many of those belonging to loan and slate clubs have but little knowledge of business that I am convinced there must be compulsory registration and the adoption of standard rules.

A Bill is being drafted on the subject which I hope to submit to Parliament next session. I believe it will obtain the general support of the House, and with the powerful advocacy of JOHN BULL and the Press generally the Government may be induced to secure its passage into law.

IT is sometimes suggested to me that I am unduly anxious about small affairs and comparatively insignificant amounts. To me the fact that the loss of two or three or four pounds means the difference between a Christmas of joy and one of gloom is one of intense pathos, and it will not do any harm to Parliament if it can step down from its Olympian heights of debate on Mosul and the gold standard to consider a question which may mean much to those who have so little.

The Squire "parts up."

"What, *another* subscription, Padre?" said the Squire. "I tell you what I'll do. By smoking 'Country Life' Cigarettes I save a halfpenny on every packet of ten, because they're only 5½d. instead of the usual sixpence, though they're a rattling good smoke. That saving amounts to at least a couple of guineas a year, so you can put my name down for that amount."

"Good, and—thanks, I will," said the Vicar.

Player's
"Country Life"
Cigarettes
5½d for 10 CORK TIPS

"Country Life" Tobacco—Mild and Medium, 1/- per oz.
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We win by service only, as you know. By doing one thing better than other men have done it.

That is the whole story of Palmolive Shaving Cream, one of to-day's sensations.

The problem was to create a shaving cream so superior that every man who tried it would adopt it. We brought to our laboratory every other shaving soap. We put them all to scientific tests. Then we studied to excel them in every quality desired.

We made 130 shaving creams, each better than the last. And we finally arrived at what we deem the utmost in a shaving cream.

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Don't buy it—just ask for a ten-shave test. Compare Palmolive Shaving Cream with the soap you are using now. We ask no favours. Do what serves you best.

But we do ask the courtesy of a test, after all this effort to delight you, to serve you as others have not done. Concede us that test. You owe it to yourself and to us. Post the coupon now.

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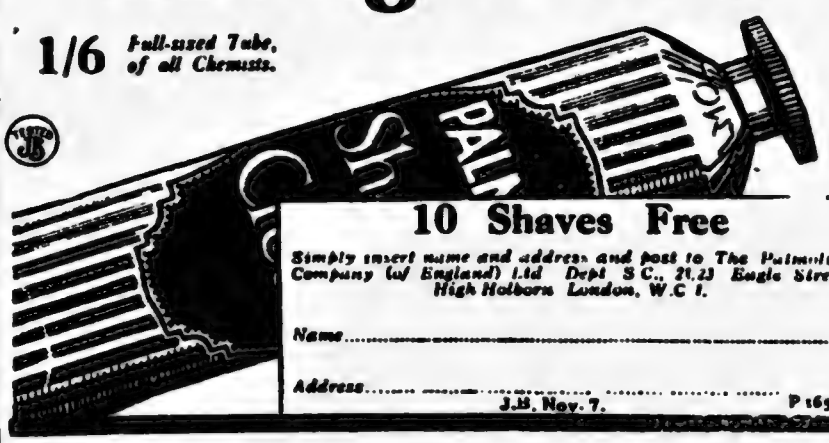
1/6 *Full-sized Tube, of all Chemists.*



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J.B. Nov. 7. P 165.

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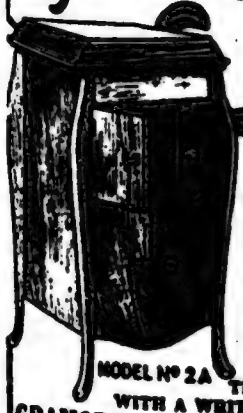

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AN OLD FRIEND IN A NEW FORM.

SEIGEL'S TABLETS

For fifty years Seigel's Syrup has been, and still is, the supreme remedy for indigestion, pains after eating, flatulence, acidity and constipation. Made from the same formula, Seigel's TABLETS are just as efficacious, and more convenient. Can be carried in the vest pocket, and taken easily, any time, anywhere.

SEND 3/- FOR A BOTTLE POST FREE.

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COLD DAMP AIR CAUSES CATARRH.

Dr. Blosser's Cigarettes produce a Soothing Smoke that clears out the Head and Throat.

Four Cigarettes Sent Free.

Nasal catarrh is not only disagreeable and offensive, but it will lead to serious trouble.

That inflamed condition of the mucous membranes of the air passages of the head, nose and throat may spread to the point where it is incurable and a danger to life.

Dr. Blosser's Cigarettes are composed of medicinal herbs, flowers and berries. The warm smoke vapour is inhaled into the affected air passages and will go where sprays, douches and salves cannot reach. They contain no tobacco or cubebs, and being harmless, are used by women and children, as well as men.

If you suffer from any catarrhal trouble, plain nasal catarrh, hay fever, asthma, catarrhal deafness, or are subject to frequent colds, get from any chemists a convenient pocket-size package of Dr. Blosser's Cigarettes and prove for yourself their pleasant, beneficial effects.

Should you like to try a sample of the Remedy, a packet containing four cigarettes will be sent to you, quite free, if you will send your request to—Dr. Blosser, Ltd. (Dept. 121, C.A.), Temple Chambers, Temple Avenue, London, E.C.4

Cure those Varicose Veins *and be Fit!*

Think of the relief you will experience both mentally and physically when it comes to your turn to say:—

"Many thanks for Elasto, it is wonderful. After taking only two bottles of the tablets my legs are as sound as ever without a trace of varicose veins."

That is an extract from a recent letter of thanks, the original of which, along with many others, has been inspected by JOHN BULL'S representative.

What is Elasto?

Elasto is something new in curative science; it is based on the knowledge that varicose ailments and relaxed conditions generally, with their numerous developments and widely varied symptoms, are deficiency diseases; that in all such conditions there is a lack of certain vital constituents of the blood.

Owing to this lack the body is unable to evolve the elastic tissue needed to maintain the vein walls and the membranes in healthy condition, and a varicose or relaxed condition results.

Elasto restores to the blood the vital elements that combine with albumen to form elastic tissue and thus enables nature to effect a cure in a perfectly normal manner.

There is no chance-work about Elasto; it is the sane application of nature's own laws of healing. Elasto is not a drug, but a cell food, which must be present in the blood to ensure complete health. It is prepared in tiny tablets, and is as simple and agreeable to take as it is certain and lasting in its action.

Special Offer to "John Bull" Readers.

We invite all JOHN BULL readers who suffer from any of the ailments named to write for a free sample and special "No Cure—No Pay" Offer, together with full particulars of this remarkable remedy, or send 5/- for a full month's treatment, and commence your cure without delay. Write now The New Era Treatment Co., 183, Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London.

Elasto cures: Varicose Veins, Ulcers, Eczema, Piles, Hardened Arteries and Glands, Prolapsus and all relaxed conditions.

The Sentence of the Court

A MINISTER IN MOTLEY

Winston Among the Whitstables

"REMOVE your hat, prisoner!" came the stern command from the Court crier when something particularly *recherche* in the way of headgear, with Winston Churchill attached to it, made its appearance in the dock. The charge against the Chancellor of the Exchequer was one of using threatening language, and he pleaded "Not guilty."

"The offence," said Mr. Watchdog, K.C., "was committed at the Colchester oyster feast, which the accused honoured with his presence, and devastated with the announcement that next year he may have to reimpose the taxation remitted in the last Budget.

"This threat was delivered in the flippant manner which has become characteristic of the public utterances of our one and only Winstunt, but the accused need not imagine that by indulging in Churchillarious by-play at oyster-eating orgies he is blinding the vast majority of oysterless citizens to the realities of the financial situation.

"Winston has lately gotter motter, 'Always merry and bright.' Being more at home with the jester's bauble than with the economist's axe, he seems anxious to make Downing Street a place fit for pierrots to live in. He announces that he is ready to place a laurel wreath on the head of any editor who can solve our economic problem; but instead of talking about wreaths for editors he should set about ordering wreaths for his own political funeral unless he ceases to behave like a comic skeleton at an oyster feast and gets down to the serious business of reducing our bloated expenditure."

* * *

MR. STRAWSPLITTER said that with some people "economy" had taken the place of that blessed word "Mesopotamia," possibly because it was shorter and easier to spell. It was one thing to talk glibly about the necessity for reducing expenditure, but quite another thing to show how this could be done. Mr. Churchill sincerely hoped that there would be no need to increase taxation. When he made the threat complained of he was probably under the influence of the dead marine denizens he had consumed.

* * *

"I DON'T know whether the bivalves he ate were sufficient to make Winston Church-ill," said Mr. Justice Bull, "but his speech was certainly enough to make the taxpayers ill. If he attempts to carry out his threat his next Budget will be his last, and he will seek in vain for a hat small enough to fit his diminished head.

"Our expenditure for the present financial year represents an increase of £10,000,000 upon last year's estimates, owing largely to the fact that we have at the Exchequer a man who seems quite incapable of checking the spendthrift departments or of getting down to brass tacks with the brass hats.

"A mere hint of additional taxation must inevitably have a disturbing effect upon our slowly recovering trade, and since there appears to be no knowing what the prisoner will say during an 'eat wave,' the sentence of the Court is that he be forbidden to sit at the groaning board or address the groaning bored, to indulge either in Whitstable oysters or unstable oratory as long as there is an 'r' in the name of the month."

In Sunshine Ward

Another Jack Cornwell

The Nurse's Reward

by PHILIP INMAN

IN a mean street which runs off Chinatown there lives, with his mother and five brothers and sisters, all younger than himself, Jack Cornwell the Second. Fifteen years of age, he is the lift-boy at a West End restaurant. There he is known as "Sprouty." He got his name by refusing a tip from an old lady whom he had assisted out of the lift.

"No, thank you, ma'am," he said, standing at attention, "I am a Boy Scout, and we don't take money for helping people."

Before "Sprouty" left for his work one morning, his mother was in the throes of a severe bilious attack. The lad got up early that he might take his mother up a cup of tea. He was lighting the fire to boil the kettle when his clothing became ignited, and he was badly burnt on the body, legs and hands.

* * *

In spite of the pain he pluckily stuck to his job, and after he had given his mother the tea, he went away to his work. There his condition was discovered by the staff manager, who hurriedly sent him across to the hospital. He was at once put to bed and a specialist was quickly summoned. The report he gave was not reassuring.

The lad's little frame was poor and emaciated, and the shock to the nervous system, apart from the extensive burns, made the case a dangerous one. "But," said the doctor, "he's got the pluck of a lion, and that might pull him through."

* * *

When the affected parts were being dressed "Sprouty" whispered to the nurse, "Please don't let my mother know I'm here, as it will upset her." A peculiar twist of the face was the only sign he gave that he was suffering.

A little later that day he said to me, very confidentially, "It's pay day to-day, but I don't suppose I shall get mine now, and Mum will be depending on it." "Sprouty" was not to be disappointed, for when I told his staff manager he came down himself and smilingly handed him his wages.

I was in the ward when the lad's mother arrived. "My poor boy," she cried as she came up to his bed. "I'm all right, Mum," he replied jubilantly, "and I've got my money for you." Before she went away she turned to me and said, "You will save him, won't you? I don't know what I should do without him."

There is an old proverb which says, "The doctor dressed his wounds and God healed them." That applied to "Sprouty." The hospital did everything possible for him, and his brave little spirit did the rest.

Then came the day when he was to be discharged. His mother called for him and pathetically she stroked the hand which had been scorched in an act of service for her. "Look at those marks," she added. "Yes, Mum," replied "Sprouty" absentmindedly, "but you ought to see the nurse."

* * *

Before the lad left the ward he stood inside the door for a time as if there was something he wanted to say. Then the nurse who had looked after him came and falteringly he exclaimed, "It doesn't seem much saying 'Thank you,' but will you take this for keeps?" The gift was a "much-the-worse-for-wear" penknife.

Cartoonettes and Topical Jingles

by FRANK HOLLAND

This time last year Lord Rothermere
Boomed Baldwin to the sky,
He thought him then a prince of men,
But this year he's a "guy."

"Economise on war supplies!
It can't be done, I say, John!
Ninepence a day off Tommy's pay
That is 'the only way,' John!"

About this Pact we've lately backed
There still seem two opinions,
We frankly rate the thing as "great,"
But not so our Dominions.

Student No. O.T. 372,

Who writes to Mr. Wallace Attwood as follows:

"I took a position with a firm to which you introduced me. I at once became leading Salesman . . .

"After only six months I was offered and accepted a position as Campaign Manager . . .

"My success I attribute in the first place to the splendid training I received from you. My earnings are in the region of £1,000 a year.

"Yours very truly,

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Since writing the above this student has been appointed Sales Manager.

£1,000 a year job as SALES MANAGER *as a direct result of* ATTWOOD TRAINING in SALESMANSHIP

THIS student was in the Motor Accessory Trade before he was trained for Salesmanship by the Attwood College. That his success is the immediate and direct result of his training is evidenced by the extracts from his letter reprinted here.

Why not follow this student's example?

Let Mr. Wallace Attwood train you in your spare time to be a successful Salesman. The course of training is inexpensive, practical, and simple. Moreover, when your training is complete, the College guarantees to introduce you to good positions and to stand behind you, giving you every assistance whilst you are building your career.

Take the first step to a better job to-day. Write or call for free booklet, "The Profession of Salesmanship," which explains how Mr. Wallace Attwood will teach you to sell scientifically and successfully and contains testimonials from past students which conclusively prove the money earning value of the Attwood Training

This Coupon is for your convenience. Cut it out and post it at once. An unsealed envelope bearing ½d. stamp will suffice.

Please send me your free book, "The Profession of Salesmanship." It is understood that I incur no obligation.

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(Write plainly and in capitals.)

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BUY BOLSOM BROS' BRITISH BOOTS

20,000 PAIRS DOUBLE SOLE 'WEMBLEY' & SOUTH AFRICAN FIELD BOOTS AT 12/6

SECURE YOUR WINTER FOOTWEAR NOW

Now is the time to secure your stout Boots for the coming Winter. 20,000 PAIRS OF DOUBLE SOLE "WEMBLEY" AND "SOUTH AFRICAN" FIELD BOOTS are now offered at 12/6 per pair. Made in the best Northamptonshire Factories, of the most reliable materials, no better or more easy fitting boots for every purpose and occupation were ever made; every pair is honestly worth more than double. This opportunity of being well shod for the coming winter at half usual cost should therefore not be missed. Don't experiment, follow the lead of Bolsom Bros.' more than a million customers and either call, or make your selection from the list below and send your orders by post with every confidence, as absolute satisfaction is guaranteed or money is refunded. Some very special lines in Winter Overcoats, Winter Clothing, and Govt. Surplus are also described below, and are without question the greatest value ever offered. Open every day until 8 p.m. Saturdays until 9 p.m. DON'T DELAY—CALL, OR POST YOUR ORDERS NOW.

THE "NEW WEMBLEY" BOOT

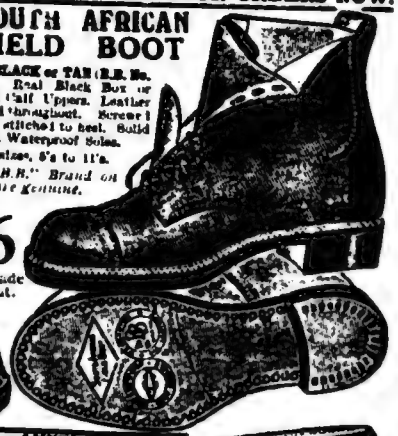
In BLACK or TAN (B.B. No. 33). Real Black Box or Tan Calf Uppers. Leather lined, waterproof Tongue. Solid Butt Waterproof Soles, screwed and stitched to heel. All sizes 5/6 to 11/6. (12/6 and 13/6 extra)

See our stamps and "B.B." Brand on soles. No others are genuine.

12/6 British made throughout.

Youths' Leather Lined Boots. Sizes 11/6 to 1/6, 10/6: 2/6 to 5/6. 10/6

SOUTH AFRICAN FIELD BOOT



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NEW BRITISH GOVERNMENT REGULATION ARMY BOOTS

B.B. No. 74. Real Kip Grained Uppers. 2 single Solid English Butt Soles, screwed and stitched to heel. Sizes 6, 9, 10, 11, 12 and 13. sizes 5, 6, and 7 can also be had in this pattern boot. Wear absolutely guaranteed.

12/6 Post 1/- extra.

The strongest and most reliable boot ever made.

Can also be supplied with hooks No. 75. Latest fitting.

Keep this advert.

NEW CANADIAN FIELD MOUNTED SERVICE BOOTS.

No. 88. Specification: Specially selected Black Box Calf or Tan Willow Uppers. Whole bottoms, standard screwed and stitched to heel, full water-tight tongue, solid leather Butt soles. Hooks to top. Of medium weight. A really comfortable weather-resisting boot, smart in appearance and serviceable at all times. Can also be had without toecap in Black or Tan. All sizes 5/6 to 11/6.

20/- Post 1/- extra.

No. 76. OFFICER'S SMOOTH BROWN HIDE WELTED BOOTS, similar pattern to No. 88 without toe-cap only. Smart appearance. All sizes 6 to 12

30/- Post 1/- extra.

No. 88

SPECIAL OFFER of 10,000 GOVT. NEW CIVILIAN OVERCOATS at 21/-

GOVT. CIVILIAN OVERCOATS

The release of the BRITISH GOVT. NEW CIVILIAN OVERCOATS gives every man an opportunity of securing a SMART WINTER OVERCOAT at LESS THAN A THIRD THE ORIGINAL COST. Made for issue to the Men of H.M. Forces on their return to civil life, each garment cost 63/- to produce, and at 21/- these coats represent the most remarkable bargain ever known. In excellent quality Meltons, Overcoatings and Tweeds, in shades of Medium and Dark Grey and Brown. All sizes 34 to 44 in. chest. State colour and chest measurement. Post 1/- extra. OUR PRICE **21/-**

GENT'S FAWN DOUBLE TEXTURE RAINCOATS

This serviceable all weather coat is composed of 2 layers of cloth, with reliable rubber proofing, rendering the garment absolutely waterproof. Cut in double-breasted or single-breasted style, with belt. Raglan sleeves. Storm tab on collar. Sizes 34 to 44 in. chest. Post 1/- extra. PRICE **20/-**

BLUE MELTON OVERCOATS

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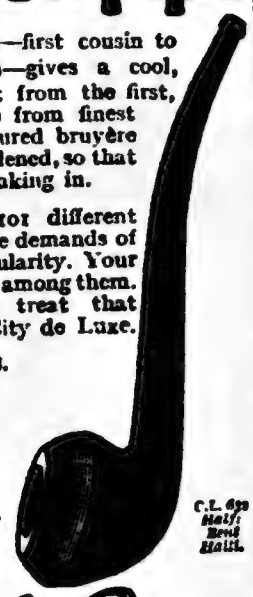

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OPEN STOCKERS

Words Winged to Women

AMONG the POTS and PANS

Why Domestic Service is Shunned

by **MABEL HORNER**

TIMES change. So do minds and manners. Things unchallenged in the last generation are boldly questioned in this. Few things are stable. Even settled institutions believed to be rooted in the very foundations of social life may, without fuss, fade as silently as a morning mist melts before the coming of a new day.

In some such quiet fashion, to the tremendous indignation of many people, we are witnessing the passing of the institution of domestic service as we have hitherto known it. British households, which once upon a time installed a "general" much as they provided pots, pans, or other kitchen equipment, now go servantless.

Households able to employ several maids are thankful if they get one, while really large houses are not infrequently abandoned because of the frightful expense of upkeep and difficulty of adequate staffing on the kitchen side.

In short, there is abundant evidence to prove that, while wages are higher and opportunities for recreation more frequent, women willing to enter domestic service are steadily declining in numbers.

Anything but "service"

Why? Upon the answer depends so much of health and happiness to both employed and employer that no question regarding women could be more worthy of consideration and settlement.

The reluctance to enter domestic service is not born of idleness. The last census returns showed no single British industry in which women are not employed. In many trades, and these by no means the easiest, they outnumber men.

A close analysis of labour in foundries and furnace works would provide some eye-openers as to the extent of female displacement of male labour in heavy trades. That is because women are cheap. Yet women take these jobs. They will take any job, no matter how ill-paid and arduous, but they will not, if they can avoid it, work for another woman by entering domestic service.

The sane solution

There is another and more painful phase of the problem. According to official figures published this year, there are 11,000 girls under eighteen years of age in receipt of the dole. At the same time, and in the same districts, at a low computation there are treble the same number of women willing to employ domestic help they are unable to obtain. Yet these same dole-drawers go willingly enough to work in other directions.

Summer seasonal occupations struck 5,000 of them off the registers. They went as seaside waitresses, shockingly underpaid and overworked; as fruit pickers, subject to all weathers; as factory hands submerged in monotonous toil.

Women who need household help have tried to combat the drift by conceding every sort of recreational privilege and a process of "giving in." But to change the tyrant of the parlour into the tyrant of the kitchen is no sound remedy.

More sinister is the movement—only held in check by drastic regulations on the part of the Government—to fill the household posts with foreign labour.

There are many people who really hope to bring in Swedish and German household helps, or even to employ Chinese and negro labour. It needs very little gift of imagination to foretell all the terrible evils that would result from such a move. Therefore I put forward in all seriousness the real crux of the domestic difficulty and its only sane solution.

Miss Margaret Bondfield, a Labour leader, who thinks domestic service under fair conditions better than factory or office life

Domestic service is shunned because it leads nowhere; it is painted with traditions of servitude abhorrent to modern ideas. The cure is a statesmanlike readjustment of the whole business; it must be given a status. Training must be demanded and skill must be paid for.

Untrained labour is out of date; haphazard conditions are degrading. Freed from these drawbacks, and run on business lines, the whole atmosphere will change. Domestic work will take its proper place among the more worthy professions of the world; it may even become popular.

Stories Doctors Tell

by **DR. MARIE STOPES** (*President of the Society for Constructive Birth Control and Racial Progress, Author of "Married Love"*)

A DOZEN women this week have asked me whether they can conceive and become pregnant with another baby while they are nursing at the breast a baby recently arrived.

This is a very important question. Unfortunately, trained nurses, and even medical men and women, mislead their patients about this very matter. One of the most famous women doctors recently said: "If a woman suckles her child for eight or nine months, as she ought to do, and nearly all women can do, and then has a well-earned holiday from wifely duties, there will be an interval of about two years between the children."

NO wonder confusion exists when such cruelly misleading advice, based on untrue statements, is given by a leading woman medico. It is not only poor-class women who are thus led to disaster.

A school friend of mine, with an expensive medical attendant, was told after the birth of her first child that if she nursed it she and her husband need not fear any succeeding pregnancy until the weaning period was over. They trusted to this, and she became pregnant again within a few weeks of the birth.

Consequently, all three suffered: the mother herself, whose vitality was not equal to the demands upon it; the elder child whose source of nutriment was thus needlessly tapped; and, chiefly, the tiny new life beginning, which was so weakened that it died soon after birth.

DR. STOPES is writing a series of articles on topics of vital interest to women. She invites correspondence, and readers' queries addressed to her at this office will be dealt with if a stamped addressed envelope is enclosed.

Modern and so-called civilisation encourages a blind trust in supposed "experts," and leads women who would otherwise think out the common-sense of things for themselves, to take on trust from "authority" what their own instincts would have warned them as being incorrect, if not absurd.

Contrary to the medical men and women and nurses who talk the same nonsense, *a nursing mother can, and very frequently does, become pregnant* when she does not expect to if she thinks by nursing one child she is safe-guarding herself.

OF course, it is true that it may succeed with a few women, but I know of no case where it has succeeded. Surely, commonsense would lead one to expect this. Shortly after a birth is just the time when a woman is most likely to conceive again.

Some foolish health workers and social workers have gone so far as to say to me: "Yes, but we tell the women they will be safe because *they* want so badly to be safe, and *we* want them to nurse their children. It is a way of getting them to breast-feed their children when otherwise they might not do it!"

What folly to try to hoodwink intelligent married women in this way. All women who have the joy and good fortune to become mothers should realise the *physical* function of motherhood does not end until the child has been fed five or six, preferably eight or nine, months.

It is of incomparable value to the baby that part, if not all of its food, should be what Nature planned for it, rich in just the special salts and secretions which *only* the human mother can give.

EVERYTHING in the world, indeed, points to the importance of the mother nursing her own baby; both science and sentiment agree on this. The reasons are quite strong enough to appeal to the good sense of any intelligent woman.

Those who try to lure the reluctant mother to nurse her baby by telling her lies about it acting as a "preventive" are not only wrong, but foolish.

Remember this, mothers: Nurse your babies for your own sake, and for their own sakes, and guard yourself with proper scientific preventives all the time you are nursing, so that your strength shall be preserved to give it at the proper time to the future life that may come to you.

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P. 346

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In your sweetness
And in your warmth
Clinging to the palate
Alluringly
Drink it . . .
Feel its comforting warmth
Tingle through your veins
To fill you with a sense of
Well being
Drain it . . .
To the last drop
Till its possessing glow
Warms and cheers
The very cockles of your heart!

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Rheumatic Scourge

More Deadly than

Consumption.

A SPEAKER at the recent National Conference of Friendly Societies said that "Rheumatic diseases had become a far more deadly menace than consumption. More deaths were due to Rheumatic disease than to any other cause."

The above statement shows that Rheumatic trouble is not the type of ailment to neglect in its early stages, or to become resigned to in its more advanced forms. "A menace more deadly than consumption," it should be fought "tooth and nail," and no expense should be spared to combat and overcome its dangers. Fortunately, however, Rheumatic ailments need no longer be so deadly a scourge, for the *right* treatment for these troublesome complaints has at last been discovered. The discovery was made less than two years ago, and exhaustive tests were given with the most astounding results. Cases of Arthritis, in various stages, yielded to the treatment and limbs that had been locked for years were freed. Cases of Rheumatism, Neuritis, Lumbago and Sciatica, treated in their earlier stages, received immediate benefit, whilst advanced cases of many years standing were completely cured after a course of treatment.

After the above exhaustive tests, the new treatment was placed on the market a few months ago under the name of "Beltona," and during those few months letters have poured in from all parts of the country testifying to "Beltona's" amazing efficacy.

"Beltona," which is a lotion, is totally different from anything previously used for these complaints. It not only penetrates skin and flesh and dissolves the accumulations that cause the trouble, it also quickly soothes and reduces the inflammation, which is the immediate cause of the pain.

NOTE with reference to the following testimonials:—We do not publish names and addresses with every letter for the simple reason that we only do this when customers voluntarily state that their names can be used, but the actual letters can be seen at our office at any time by anyone interested. WE WILL PAY £1,000 TO ANY CHARITABLE INSTITUTION IF ANY TESTIMONIAL PUBLISHED IS NOT GENUINE.

Mr. HOWARD WYNDHAM, the well-known London Theatre Manager, who had Arthritis in his right shoulder for over 10 years, writes as follows:—I had spent considerable sums on various treatments, but failed to derive any appreciable benefit, and had practically resigned myself to what I began to consider the inevitable. For years I had been unable to raise my right hand higher than my chin, and, except in very limited movements of the arm, suffered pain. By a lucky accident, I was recommended a trial of "Beltona," with the astounding result that within eight or ten days I found the joint was yielding to treatment, and within two months the stiffness and pain had entirely disappeared. I am only doing my duty to others similarly affected by publishing these facts, and should you care to use this letter, I hope it will direct the notice of sufferers to what I consider a very remarkable discovery.—Yours faithfully, HOWARD WYNDHAM.

No. 319. Prestwich. 2-10-25.—I have suffered agony for four years from Rheumatoid Arthritis, but I got no relief from anything, until one day I saw "Beltona" advertised in one of the Manchester Sunday papers, and my son begged of me to try it; but I needed a lot of persuasion. I was so fed up with trying so many different things; I think I have tried everything possible, but I have been thankful ever since that I did try "Beltona," for it is the only thing that has given me any relief. When people see me out they are so surprised they stop me and ask me what has done it. . . .

No. 321. 25, Budge Row, London, E.C. 4. 19-10-25.—. . . Previous to commencing the treatment about a fortnight ago I had suffered with Neuritis in the right arm for three months, the pain at times being almost unbearable, especially after getting warm in bed, making sleep impossible . . . I spent about fifteen minutes on the first application, and I can honestly say that since then I have been practically free from pain. I shall always keep a bottle of your wonderful preparation in the house.—Yours faithfully, E. B. BRYAN.

No 322. The School, Shephall, Stevenage, Herts. Oct. 19th, 1925.—Dear Sirs,—I should like to bear testimony to the wonderful effect your remedy "Beltona" has upon Rheumatism and kindred ailments. Until recently I have been living in a district where rheumatic diseases seemed to be rife, and in one case, where a woman had practically lost the use of her fingers, two or three bottles of "Beltona" began to straighten distorted joints, to ease the intolerable aches, and to soften rheumatic secretions. I think no household should be without "Beltona."—Yours faithfully, B. L. TREMOREN.

What "Beltona" has done for others it will do for you. Do not, then, suffer further needless pain, but send to-day for a trial 3/- or 8/- (double size) bottle. Simply write your name and address on a piece of paper, and send it, with remittance, to BELTONA LTD., Dept. 97, High Street, Haddenden, Herts, and your trial bottle will be sent, post free, by return.

Human Documents

The Doctor's Dilemma

An Awful Lie—A Promise to Break—Tax on Gallantry

PROBLEMS that may be yours are dealt with by "Humanist." In every case the name and address of the writer are suppressed so that the authors may not be identified. In cases that are too intimate or are not of sufficient interest to be helpful to others, correspondents must send stamped addressed envelopes if they wish to be answered through the post. Ten shillings is sent to each of the writers of the first four letters printed.

"AS a doctor, I am faced with a situation in which my medical skill is not of much avail, and I should appreciate your opinion of the moral aspect of the problem.

"One night I was called upon to attend a young woman who had the previous day married a soldier. Her child was too premature to live, and from the particulars given to me, I had no doubt in my mind that the husband could not have been the father of her child.

"Later on, the young husband got a suspicion of this, and he came before me in great distress to ask my advice. With all the facts before me, I found myself in an awkward dilemma.

"HERE was an impulsive girl who had, after she had sinned, met the man whom she would faithfully serve, and a young man devoted to her, who was simply trying not to love her on principles set up by conventions.

"I felt impelled to seal their union, and he left me under the impression that he was the father of the child, which, now dead, would not be a living reproach to the mother.

"I have subsequently learned that this young soldier would have had an opportunity of accompanying his officer abroad upon leaving the Service, with a prospect of retiring with a competency after some years' service abroad, but this position was only open to him as a single man, and he had therefore to forgo this excellent opportunity through having married under the misapprehension which I did nothing to dispel.

"Had he known what I know, he would no doubt have left his wife, and gone abroad.

"AS it is, they are a perfectly happy couple, though poor, and the question which exercises my mind is whether I should disclose the truth regarding the parentage of the child, with the probable consequence that he would leave his wife, and, taking this position abroad, attain material prosperity."

"Humanist" says: *The happiness of the couple should be the first consideration, and so long as the young husband remains under the impression which you have created, it is scarcely likely that he would regard the prospect of material advancement abroad as adequate compensation for the loss of a loving helpmate. Had he really been the father of the child, he would not, of course, have considered taking the position. On the whole, I think you are justified in leaving him in blissful ignorance.*

"I AM sorely troubled as the result of overhearing quite accidentally a neighbour's slanderous statement to my husband. On the occasion in question, my husband and I were entertaining a neighbour, a woman we had always thought respectable, when I was called next door to do what I could for a child who had fallen downstairs.

Secret Slander

"On my return, I entered the house quietly, so as not to disturb my baby, and I heard my name mentioned by our visitor. She was making serious allegations against my character, suggesting that I had been unfaithful.

"I was so astounded that almost unconsciously I was guilty of eavesdropping for a few minutes, and overheard the whole of the sordid story. After composing myself with some difficulty, I went out again quietly, and returned making a rather noisy entrance, and soon afterwards the woman left.

"Since this incident my husband's manner towards me has become rather cold and strained, and I am forced to the conclusion that the slanderous statements made by my neighbour are causing him great uneasiness. I am entirely innocent, and my husband does not know that I overheard what was said.

"I am afraid that if I tell him I was eavesdropping, he will insist upon my taking action for slander, and regard it as an admission of my guilt if I refuse to do so. For my part, I should be quite content with a written apology from the woman, but my husband is rather a stickler for justice. Can you advise me?"

"Humanist" says: *It is very unwise of you not to let your husband know that you overheard this slander. I am sure he will agree that it will be sufficient for you to get your neighbour to retract and tender you an apology, for if you sue her in the courts you will only be giving wider publicity to an unfounded accusation.*

"I AM thirty-four years of age. I was married twelve years ago to a man in a prosperous position. A year later we had a baby girl, but in that year I was forced to realise that I had married an unprincipled ruffian—a man who pursued his selfish pleasures, and boasted to me of his many conquests.

A Mother's Fear

"After baby was born, I became a nervous wreck, dreading my husband's company, yet obeying his slightest behest through fear of ill-treatment. When baby was three months old, my husband took her to his mother's home, declaring that I was unable to look after her.

"For two years I lived a life of misery; then my husband was sent away on business. During his absence, I almost completely recovered my health. A baby son was born, and with his birth I seemed to receive a new lease of life.

"When my husband returned, I feared he would try to take the boy from me, as he had my first-born, but he was too cunning for that. Baby was my only solace, and my cruel husband determined to make me suffer through the child.

"I threatened to get a divorce, but could not obtain decisive evidence, and I told him I should seek a separation order for persistent cruelty. He said I could do so if I chose, but that he would ask for the custody of the boy. He declared that he intended to have the boy well educated, so that he should succeed him in business.

"Can he do this? If he can, then I feel I must stay with him and endure everything, for my boy is my life."

"Humanist" says: *You need not fear that you will be deprived of the custody of your boy if you explain the whole of the circumstances to the court. You should be able to obtain a separation order with maintenance for yourself and the children, and the authorities will see that your husband is prevented from molesting you or interfering with the welfare of the children.*

"I AM greatly troubled by news which I have received of my husband. He left me seven years ago to go to Australia, and has since made no attempt to communicate with me.

Faithless Husband

"Acting on your advice, I wrote to the chief of police in the district where he was last heard of, and received a reply to the effect that he was making enquiries. This week I have again heard from the Commissioner of Police in Australia, who sends me a statement, signed by my husband, to the effect that he married another girl at a register office in Australia, two years ago.

"The statement contains a great many inaccuracies, and the whole of the circumstances leave me in doubt as to my own position. Do you think I could divorce him? I have no money, except what I earn by working in a laundry, for I have not received a penny from my husband since he went away."

"Humanist" says: *Send a copy of your marriage certificate to the police in Australia, and ask them to obtain a certificate of the marriage which your husband is stated to have contracted there, so that they can take proceedings for bigamy. If your husband were convicted, you would, of course, have all the evidence you require for a divorce, which you could obtain as a poor person.*

Mistaken Promise

"For over nine years now, I have been a lonely war widow. When my husband wished me and the children good-bye for the last time, he asked me to promise that I would never marry again if he did not return. Now I have an offer which, but for this promise, I would certainly accept. What should I do?"

"Humanist" says: *As I do not think such a promise should ever be made, I do not consider that you would be doing wrong if you married again, provided, of course, that the man who wishes to be your second husband is in every way worthy.*

A Girl's Career

"My daughter, aged nineteen, is working in an office, but she is very uncomfortable, and I am concerned for her welfare. I have thought that it might be much better for her if I could obtain, fairly cheap, a second-hand taxicab, so that she could earn her living driving it. Would you advise me to set her up in this way?"

"Humanist" says: *I doubt whether your daughter could obtain a hackney-carriage licence, and, even giving men taxicab drivers credit for a full share of gallantry, she would find it very difficult to earn a living in competition with them. Moreover, there are moral as well as physical dangers in the career you suggest.*

A Cold Heart

"Though I married again after my first husband's death, I have always tried to keep his grave nice, and have had a headstone erected. Now his cousin in the Navy has come home from abroad, and wants to put flowers on the grave. I strongly object, owing to family troubles. Has he any legal right to put them there, or can I stop him?"

"Humanist" says: *Think the matter over. If there is so little charity in your heart that you would invoke the law to prevent a man putting flowers on his cousin's grave, I am afraid you will find it an expensive matter to enforce your legal right, and you may start by paying a solicitor to advise you, for I will not help you.*

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Leg-pulling

I am surprised that the Rev. T. Tiplady should feel sore about anything Mr. Arnold Bennett has said or written of the Wesleyan Church. I fear that Mr. Tiplady has fallen into the common error of members of his profession—that of taking people too literally. Authors, especially, ought to be allowed a certain amount of licence. Think of George Bernard Shaw, who is for ever pulling somebody's leg, and it may be that Mr. Bennett is doing a similar thing here. —*Hilda Lessways, Elgin.*

Novelists' Drivel

Is it not time that our novelists ceased to write such drivel as we have been reading in the articles *re* "My Religion"? Nearly all, including Mr. Arnold Bennett, confess to being brought up in orthodox Christian homes. Then they refute all their early teachings, thus kicking down the ladder by which they have risen. The Rev. T. Tiplady is right when he says that, "Arnold Bennett is beyond the pale." But what about our Press who publish this drivel?—*L. C., Northampton.*

Virtue's Reward

The attack on Mr. Arnold Bennett by the Rev. T. Tiplady is undeserved. I would not care to agree that a man is "outside the pale" who could write books like some of his. Mr. Bennett's contradictory statements about immortality are not remarkable, as many sincere men believe in a future life when they have not sufficient evidence either for belief or disbelief. Emerson says, "Here or nowhere is the whole fact." He means that a man of character does not want a future existence, but recognises virtue as its own reward.—*Exeunt Omnes, Glasgow.*

Razing Without Raising

Christianity is the greatest force in the world for the betterment of mankind. There is far too much of the tendency to uproot the great things of life. The pity is many tear down age-old structures, but cannot fill the vacancy with an equally good substitute. Gipsy Smith with his "Plain Man's Religion" will satisfy more hungry hearts than Arnold Bennett with his vitriolic denunciation of things that matter.—*A Student, Aberdeen.*

Writers' Responsibility

To those who possess the Christian faith and have come to know what it means, it is perfectly immaterial what writers, distinguished or otherwise, personally believe. A sense of responsibility should, however, teach popular writers not to disseminate superficial criticism on a subject which demands the most profound thought. Great scientists acknowledge with reverence the wonder of the Creative Power, and who can find fault in the Son of Man? How poor would be the world without His spirit at work therein.—*W. J. Bakhurst, Enfield.*

Arnold Bennett's "Ad."

I am glad to see that the Rev. T. Tiplady has exposed Mr. Arnold Bennett. But what a fine advertisement he has got. His striving after "catchiness" never received a better fillip. With the help of some newspapers he has achieved a "nine-days' wonder," which will soon be forgotten, and some other "sensation" will be produced by journals following the example of the American stunt Press. A series of articles on religion by those trained and capable of giving definite instruction would fall flat; the vapourings of novices is boosted and boomed. —*W. M. S., Hornsey, N.*

Why Hinder?

If Mr. Arnold Bennett does not believe in Christianity why try to be a stumbling-block to others? As for the Sunday-school teaching he received, has he ever stopped to think whether the fault was in himself or his teachers? Many years ago I was brought up in a Wesleyan Sunday-school in Sheffield, and look back with love and reverence for those who taught there.—*Inasmuch, Louth.*

Notoriety Not Fame

There once was a puppy-dog, which barked all night at the moon—but the moon went on shining! Why do the parsons trouble to answer Mr. Arnold Bennett? That is just what he aims at—notoriety (a far different thing from fame, by the way). Christianity will be standing and Methodism breeding gentlemen when Arnold Bennett's books are forgotten things.—*Indignant Potter, Stoke-on-Trent.*

Armistice Day's Call

Surely Armistice Day observance ought to remain a sacred heritage in British tradition; at least, so long as a single man who fought for us suffers want. The form its commemoration demands to take is, above all, a great national effort towards defraying our unspeakable debt to such, without whom we might well have had no "business" to be "interrupted," by that Great Silence, drawing us momentarily out of our petty selves and concerns into a great blood-brotherhood.—*A. C. B., Ryde.*

The Doubtful Choice

Mr. Gardiner's review of the Government's work for the past year is, unfortunately, entirely justified. None of the election pledges of a year ago has been kept; the unemployment, housing and industrial problems are as acute as ever, and the international outlook disquieting in the extreme. Many of those electors who rushed to the poll to turn out the Labour Government are now beginning to doubt the wisdom of their choice. Not until the country is governed by men who desire the national good, and not individual gain, can we hope for an improvement in affairs.—*M. M., Beckenham.*

Advert. Censorship

It is time that a universal policy of censorship was adopted by the Press on advertisements. JOHN BULL, as usual, was the pioneer of the necessary precaution, and both advertisers and public have appreciated the value of a system which acts as a powerful testimonial to the former and a safeguard to the latter. Daily papers still teem with "flat-catching" lures. Universal Press censorship is needed in the classified columns.—*Ralph Plummer, Carnforth.*

Better than Treaties

The story of the German in "Sunshine Ward" is marvellous, and if the sympathy of suffering between the German people and ourselves could be brought about some way by a unanimous popular appeal on both sides, it would bring about an era of peace sooner than all the ambassadors, treaties, etc., could ever do. Instead of back-biting each other, and finding out the worst of each, we came to find the best in each of us, it would reflect itself in a new and lasting motto: "Bygones are bygone for ever."—*J. H., Bolton.*

Beauty and Boards

In the fine stretch of moorland known as Black Hill, Sussex, a jarring note is struck by the large number of ugly notice-boards on each side of the highway announcing that "Trespassers will be Prosecuted." Near Horsham is one stating that, "This wayside is the Property of the Lord of the Manor and must not be used for Camping." Underneath is scribbled, "Is this what we fought the War for?" Rich people should realise the old truth: "That while one man may own property, all who love beauty possess it."—*L. W., Horsham.*

Britain Not Dead

"The other day, passing down Bond Street, I saw an immaculate youth come out of a manicure-parlour and languidly enter a waiting Rolls-Royce limousine," writes Freda Utley, B.A. Minus the Rolls-Royce the same incident could have been seen thirty or forty years back, but Great Britain has not yet followed the once "great Roman Empire in to the abyss of decadence and ruin." Should the necessity again arise there will be no lack of the right kind of manhood forthcoming as in 1914, and for every "languid, vicious youth on his scented litter" I could produce a whole street containing a hundred hard-working and clean-living men.—*R. Collard, Bath.*

Home Bakery

Here in the North the miners' wives invariably follow Mabel Horner's advice, and bake their own bread. In the case of large families, the amount saved weekly by so doing is a considerable item, and now that wages are so low, it behoves every working man's wife to follow her Northern sister's example, and so help to smash the profiteers who grow rich by juggling with the people's bread.—*E. E., Durham.*

Local Food Council

Would it not be possible to have local branches of the Food Council? Surely there are social workers who could spare the time to collect and compare the various prices of foodstuffs and publish, say, on the Friday of each week, a list of good wholesome food at the lowest prices, where it can be obtained, together with the name and address of the shopkeeper? By doing this social workers would be doing beneficial work for their fellow-beings. —*Publicity, Barrow.*

Printers' Pie

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published. Mark envelopes "Pie.")

"EVE'S OWN STORIES":—"Phyllis felt that she was watching her from behind that black veil. Unseen HANDS, watching—always watching!"

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"LIVERPOOL SOUTHEND PRESS":—"The FIRST social of the club was held on Monday evening when AS USUAL THERE WAS AN EXCEPTIONALLY LARGE attendance."

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Radio Talks.

Who Shall Rule the Waves?

by Professor A. M. LOW, Fellow of the Radio Association

I OFTEN wonder if the public, who regard wireless as an important service provided for their information and amusement, appreciate the extraordinary situation that must arise when the Postmaster-General's sole licence to broadcast, given to the B.B.C., expires.

A committee is shortly to sit which will consider the whole future of broadcasting, and under the chairmanship of Lord Gainsford will be representatives of science, literature and entertainment.

As far as the technical aspect is concerned no one can raise a finger against the B.B.C. Regarding the programmes, opinions differ. Generally speaking, they are undoubtedly excellent, and they are of greater value than is the wireless music in any other country.

The greatest trouble of all is that payment for the broadcasting service, at present limited to a few shillings per annum, can only be obtained by the payment of licences to the Post Office.

It might be all to the good that on certain days other combines, such as the theatre-owners, should have the right to use the engineering side of the B.B.C. to give us programmes.

BUT what are they to receive in return? We cannot have the broadcasting microphone used for blatant advertisement, and we cannot guarantee that, if any one firm was given the right to broadcast, their programmes would maintain any standard of excellence.

Some kind of unit control or central supervision must be necessary, and once this is admitted it amounts to the fact that the listener-in requires representation upon the official broadcasting body.

I think many of us to-day make the mistake of listening-in to a whole programme. The items are meant for everyone, and consequently we should only pick out what we require.

Some kind of panel might be set up whereby different people had a voice in the control of broadcasting; it is not an easy problem, and a moment's thought will convince the wireless enthusiast that to ask for broadcasting to be thrown open to anyone would be absurd.

If JOHN BULL readers will think over this problem and devise some means by which healthy competition could be introduced with advantage to the competitors as well as to listeners, they will be doing a valuable service, and if they will write to the Wireless League saying *what* they want and *why*, they will help others as well as themselves.

IF perfect selection and perfect beam-transmission were available, we would be able to have half a dozen programmes at our disposal every evening. But we have to deal with the art as it is to-day and to prepare ourselves for the time when stories, news, and music from every country is at our call, and when the Lord Chamberlain has to consider what he must ban in England and what he may permit to be æther-carried to France.

One thing alone is certain—the granting of a licence must remain in the hands of the Government if chaos is to be avoided in the æther. Let us be thankful that in the Postmaster-General we have someone who is as anxious for success as we are ourselves.

Your friend who uses one will gladly speak of the unfailingly perfect results given by GECOPHONE Sets—and any dealer will corroborate by demonstration!

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are sold by all GECOPHONE Service Depots, Wireless Dealers and Stores at prices for every pocket. Ask for Booklet BC 3172

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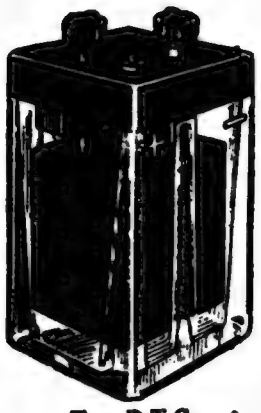

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Hats Off to France!

Masked Marvel Unmasked—Four Big Races to Come—Saucy Sue Leads—Changing Horses in Mid-Air—Aga Khan's New Move

SOME gentleman once said, "Hats off to France." I do not suppose that he had the back-end double in his mind, but at the moment the phrase is very appropriate.

More Weight in Future

The sportsmen most concerned, with the exception of those who did not back the Frenchman, are the handicappers. In future, they will give invaders a weight which will make their connections pause before the horses are sent over.

What Connections Thought.

I do not envy these harassed officials their task. Masked Marvel had no form at home to justify a pound more than he got, and at first the connections thought he had too much and were relying on The Sirdar. It was only in Cesarewitch week that the horse showed the improvement which late horses do frequently show at this time of the year, and this improvement being manifested against The Sirdar stable plans were changed.

Four More Big Flat Races

Four more big races, Newbury, Liverpool, Derby, and Manchester—one at each week-end—and the curtain will descend on the Flat. Four big races give one a chance of bringing off an accumulator, a treble, a double, or a single, so there is no need to be pessimistic. The Crossword Puzzle expert has given my selection for the Newbury Autumn Handicap in his this week's Crossword. I shall code the horse on the day of the race if nothing unforeseen occurs. The other three races will have to remain in abeyance for the time being. News about them is scarce.

In the Wars

I was asked the other day if I had noticed the number of times this season a certain well-known jockey has been pocketed, hampered, or baulked at a critical stage of his races. I have, and I daresay most JOHN BULL readers could name the jockey in one guess, but I am not offering prizes for the first received. This clever young rider will be losing his popularity unless he puts more vigour into his tactics.

Saucy Sue, the Money Spinner

Saucy Sue will never be as popular as Pretty Polly, but judging from the reception she received when she romped away with the Atalanta Stakes she has a warm place in the hearts of the race-going public. They welcomed her return to form. This was the fifth win this season for Lord Astor's charming filly, and she has annexed over £22,000 for her lucky owner. Manna, with a little under a thousand pounds less, is second as regards stake money. Diomedes, the champion sprinter, has won most races, seven, but the prize money only amounts to £6,080.

Changing Horses in Mid-Air

The jumping game is responsible for many queer spills, but I think Herve's amazing experience at Enghien takes the biscuit. Herve was pitched from his mount, Meissonier, at a brook and descended on to the back of another riderless horse. He rode on furiously for some distance before he realised that he was on the back of a stranger.

How Dale Finished Second

This reminds me of an odd incident I witnessed at one of the southern N.H. meetings. Towards the end of a two-mile event only two or three competitors were left standing. One of these was riderless and was making his way home up the straight at full pelt. A jockey among the spectators on the rails stopped him, mounted, and finished second. The jockey was Dale, and as he managed to draw the correct weight the verdict stood. The owner of the horse, who took second stake money, sent for the jockey and congratulated him. This might be termed a lucky chance mount.

The Aga Khan's New Move

I suppose most racing men were, like myself, interested in the news that the Aga Khan has decided to sell up his racing establishments in France, lock, stock and barrel, and intends to concentrate on English racing. The Aga Khan has had this intention for some time and has been getting together a fine stud of young mares. When these commence to deliver the goods his stables should be full of class horses. The famous Mumtaz Mahal is being mated with Gainsborough; Brownhylda with Phalaris; Cos with Son-in-Law; Teresina with Diophon; Nevsky Prospect with Salmon Trout. These are only a few of the matings which have been arranged, but they are sufficient to tell us what to expect.

This Week's Poser

Unless my mail-bag brings me at least one real poser a week—I have hundreds of teasers—I feel that I have been cheated out of doing some hard spade work. This week's is up to standard. A punter who styles himself "Forseti"—no doubt he had a good win—asks why a jockey is not allowed to weigh in with his whip, and how far the rule disallowing this dates back. It was after one of the Derbies in the 'fifties, "Forseti." The rider of the Classic winner, Ellington, just managed to pass the scales by the aid of his whip which was a hefty affair weighing 7 lbs. It was decided that "little" make-weights like this could not be tolerated. Next, please.

Ruddyglow's Record.

I went to Sandown Park specially to see Ruddyglow, for, unless I am very much mistaken, this seven-year-old 'chaser is destined to play a big part in the jumping campaigns of the next few years. Mr. Filmer-Sankey's lepper fenced splendidly and as far as I could see only made one mistake. Ruddyglow has won ten of his last eleven races, and is now, of course, always certain of a big weight. The gelded son of Ruddigore has six or seven years before him in which to win a Grand National, but I shall always think that Mr. Filmer-Sankey made a big blunder when he decided not to let him take his chance at Aintree last March. With 10 st. 9 lb. Ruddyglow was splendidly handicapped. When Aintree comes round again he will be on the 12 st. mark.

Mr. Filmer-Sankey, the rider-owner of Ruddyglow

"SILVER RING."

FOR YOUR NOTEBOOK

Cymophane won at Newmarket for the code selections at the nice price of 10 to 1. This useful youngster will win again for Lambton's stable.

Wykeham proved at Stockton that staying, and not sprinting, is his game. The gelded son of Rochester was unluckily pipped by Dropitin. Make a note of Wykeham for a race of one and a half miles.

If 'Gene Leigh keeps Thamyris in this country for another race the Frenchman should be worth a gamble. A small fortune went west when he was short-headed at Newmarket.

Livtonite.—This queerly-named gelding will live up to his name and should be given a chance next time out. He was just beaten by Sortija at Newmarket. Names must have been at a premium when these two were christened.

Battery Smoke is still useful amongst northern selling handicappers.

Bayford cost over 6,000 guineas as a yearling. He is worth the money.

Two coded selections will be given daily in the following papers:—

Sporting Life and Sportsman, Sporting Chronicle, Sporting Pink, Western Mail, Glasgow Noon Record, Irish Independent, Sporting Man, The Sheffield Mail.

2 A M H T R J C I X Z 3 0 S

F U L Y E K N W P B V G D Q

How to read the code: in place of the letters or figures advertised in the daily papers read those above or below the line as the case may be.

CPJUMDE would read WINALOT.

This code will be changed in next week's JOHN BULL. It covers the racing from Wednesday, November 4, to Tuesday, November 10.

"Soccer"

WEEK-END COUPS.

6 HOME. — Huddersfield, Sunderland, Chelsea, Coventry, Airdrie, St. Mirren.

5 HOME.—Huddersfield, Manchester C., Chelsea, Millwall, St. Mirren.

4 HOME.—Blackburn, Sunderland, Crewe, Hearts.

3 AWAY.—Portsmouth, Rochdale, Celtic.

3 DRAWS.—Southport v. Chesterfield, Watford v. Newport, Queen's Park v. Glasgow Rangers.

3 HOME, 2 AWAY.—Sunderland, Chelsea, Lincoln, Middlesbrough, Grimsby.

1 HOME, 1 AWAY, 1 DRAW.—Huddersfield, Reading, Blackpool v. Preston.

FORECASTS FOR NOVEMBER 14.

THE LEAGUE (DIVISION I.).

HOME WINNERS.—Arsenal, Aston Villa, Bolton, Burnley, Leeds, Manchester U., Newcastle.

UP-TO-DATE RACING MEN READ

The Sporting Life and Sportsman

Selections

AWAY WINNERS.—Sunderland, Blackburn.

DRAWS.—Liverpool v. West Bromwich, Notts Co. v. Everton.

THE LEAGUE (DIVISION II.).

HOME WINNERS.—Middlesbrough, Portsmouth, Preston, South Shields, Stoke, Swansea, Sheffield Wednesday.

AWAY WINNER.—Notts Forest.

DRAWS.—Fulham v. Derby, Oldham v. Southampton, Wolverhampton v. Chelsea.

THE LEAGUE (DIVISION III.—Northern).

HOME WINNERS.—Bradford, Chesterfield, Grimsby, Durham, Rochdale.

AWAY WINNERS. — Lincoln, Doncaster, Coventry, Nelson.

DRAWS.—Halifax v. Crewe, Rotherham v. New Brighton.

THE LEAGUE (DIVISION III.—Southern).

HOME WINNERS.—Bournemouth, Bristol Rovers, Charlton, Exeter, Gillingham, Luton, Reading, Swindon.

AWAY WINNER.—Plymouth.

DRAWS.—Newport v. Southend, Queen's Park Rangers v. Millwall.

THE SCOTTISH LEAGUE.

HOME WINNERS. — Airdrie, Hamilton, Hearts, Partick, Glasgow Rangers.

AWAY WINNERS.—Falkirk, Aberdeen, St. Mirren.

DRAWS.—Morton v. Queen's Park, R.—R. v. Celtic.

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GLASGOW.

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INSURE YOUR WINNINGS BY BECOMING A "WHITEFISHERITE"

7 LEAGUES 6 LISTS
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AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE.
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No Limit. Weekly A/cs.
ALWAYS AT YOUR SERVICE.
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Formed Sore Eruptions. Daughter Could Not Walk. Cuticura Healed.

"My daughter's trouble began with an itching and affected her hands and feet. Later blisters formed which broke and caused sore eruptions. She could not walk or use her hands and had to have them bandaged. The affected parts itched and burned, and the trouble lasted two years.

"I sent for a free sample of Cuticura Soap and Ointment. I purchased more and after using two tablets of Soap and one box of Ointment she was healed." (Signed) Mrs. G. Mason, 6, Norwood St., Dalton Brook, N. Rotherham. Yorks., Eng.

Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Talcum are ideal for daily toilet uses.

Soap 1s. Ointment 1s. 2d. and 3s. 6d. Talcum 1s. 3d. For sample each, address: F. Newbery & Sons, Ltd., 27, Charter-house Sq., London, E.C.1.
Cuticura Shaving Stick 1s. 2d.

NEW LIFE - Free

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Send at once for particulars.
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THE **FOOTBALL** ACCOUNTANT,
19, BRIDE LANE, E.C.4.

Venereal Diseases

"THE ODDS ARE AGAINST YOU."

Are you prepared to ruin your health, perhaps for life? Are you prepared to risk breaking up your home, perhaps to infect your partner in marriage, and bring into the world children who become blind or die early?

A man or woman who leads an unchaste life is practically certain to contract Venereal Disease sooner or later. Often a person is infected the first time a risk is taken.

If you desire free information, in plain cover, on the subject, write to the Hon. Medical Secretary, British Social Hygiene Council Incorporated, Dept. P., Carteret House, 1, Carteret Street, Westminster, S.W.1, and his advice will be available free at this address on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, from 12.30 to 2 p.m., and on Tuesdays and Thursdays, from 5 to 7 p.m. No examination or treatment is undertaken at these offices.

Write for five useful booklets for Parents, 1s. 4d. the Set. Six useful booklets for Girls, 1s. 4d. the Set. Seven useful booklets for young men, 1s. 5d. the Set, all post free, in plain cover.

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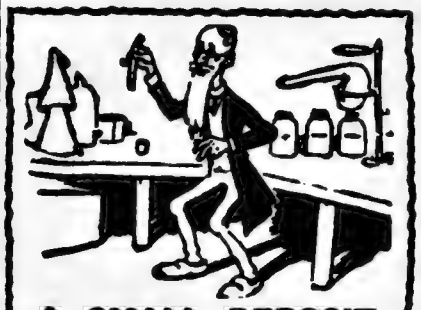

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Gent's full-sized Lever Watch, stout engine-turned English Hall Marked solid Silver cases. DEPOSIT. Accurately adjusted INTERCHANGEABLE movements with all latest improvements, carefully timed and tested absolutely reliable time-keepers. Bold enamelled dial, hinged back (as illustrated), fully guaranteed 5 years.

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John Bull Replies

THE Editor may be flippant on this page, but his humour is kindly and never malicious. He likes to end up the week's work on a bright note. Serious questions are handled by the expert staff of our Free Advice Service.

WERE we able to publish a small fraction of the questions submitted to our Free Advice Service, it would provide the greatest surprise ever associated with the activities of a modern newspaper.

No matter what you are troubled about, send along particulars, enclosing stamped addressed envelope.

S. S. (Bedford).—"Boys are not boys nowadays." Cheer up, girls are.

H. J. (Newbury).—"What I like about this page is the humour." That's funny.

S. T. (Leeds).—"Where there's a will there's a way." And also a lawyer's fee to pay!

E. C. (Brixton).—"You really must learn the tango!" We are taking the necessary steps.

INQUIRER (Hampstead).—"What makes the Tower of Pisa lean?" It doesn't eat anything.

N. J. (Chester).—"I want to ventilate a couple of grievances." Two wrongs make one write.

S. T. (Taunton).—"She called me a puppy." Never mind, you'll grow up.

(F. V. Sterling).—"I don't think I'll ever be very successful." You won't if you don't think.

H. K. (Southsea).—"Skirts are growing shorter." They certainly are not becoming very long.

F. O. L. (Highgate).—"I hope to make a name for myself." You've only one more letter to get.

L. G. C. (Andover).—"There are not many women architects." But plenty of designing females.

L. T. (Ipswich).—"He insisted I should go away for a fortnight." He refused to give you the option?

D. A. (Grimsby).—"What should a boxer learn first?" Nowadays, elocution seems to be very necessary.

D. S. (Cardiff).—"I put the fact before my co-directors in very full detail." At a bored meeting, we presume.

"FRIENDLY" (Radlett).—"As a friend, an artist appeals to me." And fairly frequently, too, we reckon.

F. L. (Norbury).—"Did you get 'Burning Words,' the poem I sent you the other day?" Yes. They are, now.

E. G. (Chertsey).—"Women pay more than men for clothes." But they seem to get considerably less for their money.

ELSIE (Bradford).—"Men are not what they used to be." No, they used to be boys.

A. K. (Dorking).—"A man sold me a plot of land which won't grow anything." You seem to have ground for complaint.

B. H. (Mortlake).—"I am a man of letters." Perhaps you are our postman! We'll ask you to-morrow morning.

S. T. (Carfax).—"I caught some enormous fish in my young days." Have you taken a course of memory-training?

A. Y. (Bentham).—"I visited Wembley before it closed." We hear that one of the directors sobbed with hysterical relief.

G. J. D. (Hackney).—"It is proposed to levy a tax on brown paper." There are bootmakers who will doubtless be very indignant.

GEORGE (Exeter).—"Which have the quicker tempers, blondes or brunettes?" We'll ask our typist—she's often been both.

D. O. (Macclesfield).—"When the bounder called on my sister, I asked him if he wanted to take a duck in the river." What he probably wanted was to take a duck on the river.

L. P. (Chester).—"A doctor's life is full of incident." Ills, pills, chills, squills, bills, kills.

K. G. (Blackheath).—"Waiters are often flat-footed." But they have hollow hands.

DICK (Kensington).—"The best of friends must part." Yes, but they often do it very reluctantly.

P. N. (Welwyn).—"I suppose you will print part of this letter." Just the preceding nine words.

T. L. B. (Didsbury).—"I want you to read my treatise on the uses of milk." Oh, cheese it!

T. T. (Piccadilly).—"I am sure the boot boy stole one of my shirts." Collar him and cuff him.

T. E. (Southwold).—"I find modern books very depressing." Such as used up cheque books we presume.

F. C. (Poppleton).—"He always threatens to steal a lock of my hair." Well don't tell him where you keep it.

GREGORY W. (Ormskirk).—"I fear I shall never see my name in your pages." Your fear is hereby dispelled.

L. B. (London, N.W.).—"I feel lethargic in the day time." How long have you had a Government appointment?

O. N. (Oxford).—"Please tell me in a sentence what you think of my poem?" Three months without the option.

R. H. (Lincoln).—"Undoubtedly we come from monkeys." You believe the human race started from scratch?

S. G. (Hammersmith).—"How can I cure my chimney of smoking?" Give it a box of Christmas presentation cigars.

M. V. (Chalfont).—"Writing this article was thundering hard work." And it's going back to you like lightning.

JOHN B. (Acton).—"My wife expects me to sit and amuse the baby every evening." We suppose you won't entertain it.

B. C. (Peckham).—"She changed colour when I spoke to her." It's bad form for a girl to make-up in the middle of a conversation.

R. M. (Walmesley).—"His cool cheek exasperated me and I let him have a piece of my mind." Then you had a heated jaw.

L. J. (Kensington).—"There are motor-cars nowadays to suit all pockets." Two-seaters must be getting smaller than ever.

S. M. (Furness).—"I know of three doutbtful company promoters who live next door to one another." On the shady side of the road?

To Get that Razor!

THOSE who are qualifying for their Free 10s. 6d. Razor Sets this week are asked to observe the following simple conditions in order to facilitate prompt despatch:—

1. Where a "John Bull" reader has introduced a friend both his own and his friend's Gift Vouchers must be sent in *together* to "John Bull" in the same envelope. Do NOT send in separately. Do NOT enclose any correspondence.
2. Both your own and your friend's Gift Vouchers MUST be properly completed before either of you is qualified for your Gift.
3. Be sure to enclose correct amount to cover postage, packing and insurance of sets to your respective addresses—*i.e.*, 6d. for your own set and 6d. for your friend's set, making *one shilling* in all. Cross P.O.s "and Co.," and make payable to "John Bull."

D. D. (Brighton).—"Nothing is ever as good as you hope." Or as bad as you imagine.

D. J. H. (Grimsby).—"Should a man eat with his divorced wife?" No, with his fork.

G. T. (Accrington).—"They X-rayed my head, but found nothing." So we should judge.

C. G. L, (Bromley).—"I don't think you mean half you say." No, sir, we mean the whole lot.

JOHN (Stoke-on-Trent).—"My wife is a real pearl." But beware, my boy, of the mother-of-pearl.

G. S. (Hillingdon).—"Did you feel cross when you opened my letter?" No, not till afterwards.

Mrs. N. (Northants).—"For the last time I ask you to publish these details." Thank heaven, that worry's ended.

PERCY G. (Bingley).—"I'm told I am a real, live wire." We can quite believe it from your shocking letter.

JOCK S. (Rothesay).—"After all it must be very hard to lose a wife." Many men assure us it is quite impossible.

MINNIE (Haxby).—"Why do all novels end with marriage and happiness?" They don't. They end with marriage.

VICTOR C. (Kennington).—"My brother is the exact opposite of me in every respect." He must be rather a pleasant fellow.

B. H. (Osterley).—"There is a general feeling of unrest." Those winter-weight undergarments take a bit of getting used to.

BERTIE (Oxford).—"I have now fixed on a smart, clever girl, rather than a beauty." One with brains enough for two, we presume.

EDITH (West Ham).—"My young man is poor, but he is a gentleman." Well, so long as he's polished, perhaps the brass won't matter.

IRENE (Ealing).—"I went to a place as shorthand typist and now they expect me to keep books too." That's an additional job for you.

L. L. N. (Newmarket).—"This country should try to forget all about war." There are lots of people on the Continent who agree with you.

S. G. (Finsbury Park).—"How can I compel my panel doctor to give me something to stop my baby crying?" Move next door to him.

P. D. (Mablethorpe).—"Is it correct for a man to pick up a lady's handkerchief, if he does not know her?" Yes, provided he does not pick up the lady.

JOHNNIE D. (Liverpool).—"It's easy enough to win a woman's love if you give her all the money she wants." Heavens, man! we hope you don't call that easy.

G. S. (Wallingford).—"I dropped a good deal of money over the Cambridgeshire." You can pick up much more in the *Bullets* "Two Thousand Guineas," closing this week.

TOM B. (Halifax).—"I found she was a rotten cook, so I backed out of marrying her." A case of "once bit twice shy!"

P. S. (Swanage).—"If a man has the right stuff in him it will come out." And generally in the form of colour on his nose.

G. H. (Hull).—"The inmates of our workhouse are to have a glass of good beer at Christmas." We didn't know there was any about!

GEORGE R. J. (Birmingham).—"I am trying with might and main to get ahead." Judging from your letter you badly need one.

L. H. (Mitcham).—"My new alarm clock didn't ring loudly enough to wake me thoroughly up." So you went off again yourself.

S. G. (Maidenhead).—"Prime Ministers should be elected in alphabetical order." Do you realise that Mr. Lloyd George's name begins twice?

A. B. D. (Romford).—"I enforced my arguments with many quotations from Genesis." It's a wonder they weren't followed by a general exodus.

A. D. T. (Falmouth).—"She's marrying a man old enough to be her father." Which rather sounds as though he's rich enough to be her husband.

W. H. (Chelmsford).—"The members of all parties of our debating society cheered when I finished my speech." Yes—they must have been pleased.

R. V. (Belfast).—"Why are there no romantic elopements these modern days?" Possibly because the modern father sees no reason for holding on to the modern daughter.

'Many replies unavoidably held over.'

—that's why *Men* prefer it!

Because it is not a substitute for anything. Not a colourless imitation of something else. But a rattling good drink in its own right. A clean, limpid fluid with lots of character and a zestful tang—

Because they have found that it creates new energy. That it doesn't force them up to the crest of the wave only to let them flop back into the trough—

Because every time they enjoy it they take another step forward along the road of health and vigour—

Because they can make it themselves if they want to—in a cup in a moment—to the exact shade of strength and flavour they like best. With a "kick" in it; or mellowed by cream and sugar—

That's why *Men* prefer Instant Postum.

Made in a Cup —in a Moment

Just add *boi'ing* water and stir. It dissolves instantly and you can drink it at once—as it is, or with milk or cream and sugar. For most people, a slightly rounded teaspoonful to each cup is ample."

A man has no more need to apologise—even to himself—for drinking Instant Postum than he has for sleeping with his window open or for taking a cold bath. For it is the fellow of these things that make for the healthy life.

Tea and coffee *appear* to give energy because their caffeine borrows from the body's vital reserve. But Instant Postum *creates* new power because it is a food that *gives* instead of borrowing.

Instant Postum is made from whole wheat and bran, slightly sweetened with molasses. And it has the full-bodied wholesome flavour of the nutty ripe grain. It is wholesome because it is utterly pure—free from drugs or other false stimulants.

Instant Postum

the food you drink because you like it!

Healthy children love Postum made this way! You know how much youngsters like to have the same drink as the grown-ups You know, too, that many of them do not get the milk they need, because they do not like its flavour. Make Instant Postum for them, with hot (not boiled) milk, instead of water. It has the wholesomeness of a warm drink, all the nourishment of milk and Postum, and the real goodness of Postum flavour. We think you'll like it, too!

"Keep fit on Cocoa"

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CADBURY, BOURNVILLE,
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SEE THE NAME "Cadbury" ON EVERY PIECE OF CHOCOLATE

This sensational Book "just out" and FREE!

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Choose what you want—a single article, or a complete home. For a first payment of 2/- in the £ we deliver everything you select—carriage paid. The balance can be spread over 1, 2 or 3 years in monthly payments so modest that you can meet them quite comfortably out of income. We charge no interest, and give you a free Fire and Life Insurance Policy affording complete protection all the time. Customers' fares to London paid on all orders of £30 and over.

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THE SELECT MANUFACTURING CO., LTD. (Dept. 15), 61a, Finsbury Street, London, E.C.2.

Bald Men Grow Hair

Surprising reports are coming from men who were bald or losing hair and who acquired a new, vigorous growth by using a peculiar compound that awakens life in dormant hair roots.

"The front of my head was completely bald for nearly 20 years. Now I have an abundance of hair," is the report of Mr. T. J. Harding. "All bare parts are now covered with a nice growth of hair," writes Mr. E. Arnold. Imagine the enthusiasm of Mr. T. Hellier when he reported: "I have now a strong healthy growth of hair where I have been bald for 10 years." Mr. R. Stott reports even after only three weeks' use of Kotalko, bald patches of 12 years' standing were covered with hair.

Anyone who is losing hair, or is bald, may obtain a testing box of Kotalko by sending 3d. in stamps to John Hart Brittain, Ltd., 2, Percy St. (53 GV), London, W. 1.

WHEN THE DIGESTION FAILS

Many people cannot eat a simple meal without suffering torture; shooting pains in the chest and back, or cruel pains in the stomach follow any diet. This suffering means that the digestive organs have become too weak to do their work. There is no better way to strengthen the stomach than to build up the blood. That is the reason Dr. Williams' pink pills have proved a boon to so many dyspeptics, for the rich red blood made by these pills soon tones up the digestive organs.

Mrs. Tolley, of 6, Lower Granby Street, Ilkeston, says:—"Last year I was attacked by indigestion. Acute pains seized me in the chest. The pain was almost unbearable, and my life became a misery. I went first to a doctor, then to a bospital, but gradually grew worse. I suffered from headaches, and frequently had fainting bouts.

"One day a friend advised me to try Dr. Williams' pink pills. After taking the pills for a few days I felt much relief. I continued with the pills and gradually improved until, after four boxes, I was quite free from pain."

FREE.—All dyspeptics should write to F.D. Dept., 36, Fitzroy Square, London, W 1, for a free copy of instructive diet guide, "What to Eat."

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GODIVA CARRIAGE CO (Dept. 86) COVENTRY.

KIDDIES IN RUINS

Why Children Stay at Home from School

ONE of the excuses frequently made by parents who are summoned for not sending their children regularly to school is that the little ones have no boots fit to wear. Some local authorities have realised that in so many cases this explanation is not a mere excuse, but a genuine reason why the children have had to stay at home, that they make special arrangements to supply boots to children whose parents are unable, through poverty, to buy them.

There are many districts, however, in which no such provision is made, and consequently, it is a common sight to see kiddies in ruins of what were once serviceable boots, trudging to school in the rain, while, in other cases, the ruins of their boots can no longer be held together, and so the little ones are kept at home.

AS an example of the difficulties these poverty-stricken parents experience, we may cite a case to which we gave assistance last week. There were five children in the family, three of them of school age. The mother was a bed-ridden invalid, who had pawned her wedding-ring last winter to provide footwear for her children. The father, an ex-Service man without a pension, had long been without regular employment, and the family were existing on the dole or on relief in kind.

There was no question here of improvidence or intemperance. The local relieving officer agreed that the case was one deserving of assistance, and regretted that he was not authorised to make a grant to enable the children to be shod.

It is one of the curiosities of Poor Law administration that whereas in at least one district children are provided with bicycles at the public expense to enable them to attend school, in others the authorities will not even supply them with boots. Any really serviceable footwear that our readers care to send us can be made good use of, but it would be better still if they sent us subscriptions to the "Greatest of These——" Fund, so that we may be able to provide necessitous children with stout boots which will carry them through the winter.

"The Greatest of These—"

Registered under the War Charities Act as the JOHN BULL *War Sufferers' Fund. All cheques should be made payable to the Fund, and donations addressed to the Hon. Secretary, at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Every penny that is subscribed to "The Greatest of These—" Fund goes to give help to the needy. All the expenses of administration are borne by* JOHN BULL.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

R. C. Bullas, 1s.; "Hales," 5s. 6d.; Dovercourt, 2s.; 6th Cam. Highs., 6s.; T. P. 9th, 1s. 2d.; T. P. Saunders, 1s. 6d.; Brixton, 1s.; A. Reader, 6d.; Thanks to "John Bull," 3s.; One of the Million, 10s.; L. V., 6d.; A. Thom, 1s.; Widow's Thanks for ring, 3s.; From a Victim, 2s. 6d.; C. H., 1s.; Southend-on-Sea, 1s.; First Printed Win, 1s.; M. Dixon, 2s.; Overgrd, 3s. 6d.; W. H. Bishop, 1s. 6d.; H. Mc'd, 2s. 6d.; Mrs. F. Goddard, 6d; Mary Cecilia, 1s.; "Galez," 2s. 6d.; Insurance Agent, £1; T. L., 6d.; W. Gardner, 1s.; Anon., 6d.; My Quarterly Donation, 1s. 6d.; Mrs. S., parcel; Mrs. Rowe, 6d.; "Ubique," 1s.; Waiting Room Collecting Box, 11s. 4d.

A Tooting Nurse, 3s. 7d.; J. H., 44, 1s.; H. G. A., 2s. 6d.; E. S., 1s. 6d.; J. N. S. M., 5d.; H. E. M., 1s.; P. F. J., 9d.; A. Thom, 1s.; S. J. P., 1s. 2d.; Grateful Heart, 2s.; E. H. R., 6d.; "Family Gleanings for One Month," 8s. 6d.; Anon., 2s. 6d.; T. L., 1s.; From Family of Nine, 9d.; Taff, 1s. 6d.; C. Taylor, 2s. 9d.; Lt.-Col. H. W. Innes, £1; "Oct. 1910," 2s 9d.

(Many acknowledgments unavoidably held over.)

This week's Cross-word Puzzle will be found on page 4.

A straight and honest offer to "John Bull" Readers

Used by Monks for centuries

"My cough has completely disappeared. I have never before taken anything to act so quickly," writes (13-4-25) Mrs. P. Johnson, 64, Dibble Road, Smethwick, after taking "Napoleon" Cough Cure Powders—Test this age-old remedy for yourself at our expense. Send the coupon for two days' free supply.

FREE! 10,000 SAMPLES TO READERS OF "JOHN BULL"

"Napoleon" Cough Cure Powders bring immediate relief. "My son had a dreadful cough, but the Powders cured him. He did not have the cough again after taking the second dose," writes Mrs. E. Low, Tor Cottage, Marldons. (26-5-25.)

This is not a patent medicine or "secret" remedy, but a natural substance used for centuries by learned monks for all chest maladies—'Flu, Bronchitis, Colds and Catarrh. The Government recognises this by dispensing with stamp duty.

£100 GUARANTEE that every one of our hundreds of testimonials is genuine. Mr. H. HILL, 3, Narrow Lane, Blackheath, Birmingham, writes (22-2-25): "Your Powders relieved me from the first dose."

"NAPOLEON" Cough Cure Powders

From Chemists, in packets, 1/6. Family size (three times the quantity) 3/9.

Send this COUPON to-day to

H. R. NAPP LTD., 3-4, Clements Inn, London, W.C.2.

Please send me free and without obligation, by return of post, two days' supply of "Napoleon" Cough Cure Powders. (Write clearly in block letters. Use ½d. stamp and leave envelope unsealed.)

NAME .....
(F.1)

ADDRESS .....

.....

Varicose Ulcers

Soothed at once and Permanently Cured.

Germolene has been used with complete success in thousands of cases similar to that quoted below.

Mrs. Drew, of 56, Dane Park Road, Ramsgate, says that she had an ulcer beneath the bend of the knee which caused acute agony. Often she got no sleep at night and the pain persisted throughout the day. The ulcer grew until it was larger than a five shilling piece. After a year's suffering she was advised to try Germolene and did so. The first application soothed the pain, and as she continued the treatment, the wound healed. "Now," she says, "my leg is as well as ever."

Mrs. Drew.

Use Germolene for

Eczema, Psoriasis, Rashes, Piles, Itching, Ulcers, Cuts and Burns, Skin Eruptions, Ringworm, Pimples, Sunburn, Midge Bites and all Cut, Bruised, Itching, or Ulcerated Surfaces.

GERMOLENE ASEPTIC SOAP is a pleasant and refreshing toilet preparation, instilled with some of the active properties of Germolene. It softens, purifies, and preserves the skin, and is a protection from blemish and disease. Get a tablet to-day. Sold by all Chemists at 1/- per tablet, or in boxes of three tablets, 2/9.

SOOTHES AT A TOUCH!

HOME PRICES: 1/3 and 3/- per tin.

Germolene
The Aseptic Skin Dressing

LAST WEEK! 'BULLETS' BIGGEST FIRST LAST WEEK!

2,000 GUINEAS

2nd Prize £500 | **3rd Prize £250**

4th Prize £100 | **10 PRIZES OF £10** | **10 PRIZES OF £5** | **5th Prize £50**

200 of 5/- 1000 of 2/6 | **100 PRIZES OF £1** | **12,000 Target Prizes**

and **200 Fine Turkeys**

WINNERS WILL RECEIVE THESE SPECIALLY SELECTED BIRDS IN TIME FOR CHRISTMAS

RESULT OF "BULLETS" No. 579.

FIRST PRIZE OF £250:
Mr. C. WHITEAR,
7, Warner Road, Walthamstow, E.
Example:- WHY HE WAS SACKED
Bullet:- SLOW—GETTING "QUICK ONE."

SECOND PRIZE OF £100:
Mr. B. E. BILLINGSLEY, 1,169, Bristol Road, Northfield, Birmingham.
Example: POSTPONED
Bullet: EXPENDITURE, GOVERNMENT CALLS "ECONOMY."

THIRD PRIZE OF £50:
Mrs. E. STERRY, Glover's Cottages, Pulborough, Sussex.
Example:- AT THE SEANCE
Bullet:- "HE!"—WIDOW, "THAT'S JOHN!"

FOURTH PRIZE OF £25:
Mr. J. COX, The Cycle Works, King's Lynn.
Example:- WHEN OUT WITH WIFE
Bullet:- COMMENCE ADMIRING SHOP ASSISTANTS.

FIFTH PRIZE OF £10:
Mr. K. D. HOBSON, 11, Hunkaka Avenue, Banks Green, Ecclesall, Sheffield.
Example:- HIS AUTOGRAPH
Bullet:- WRITER FAMOUS—WRITING INFAMOUS.

10 Prizes of £5 each:
F. ANNING, 82, Beacon Road, Luton, Chatham.
WHAT IS A PRISON?—CHARACTER "DYER"—AND "CLEANER."
C. F. BLISS, 45, Winchelsea Street, Dover.
AT THE SEANCE—SAXPENCE DROPPED—SCOT MATERIALISED.
Miss A. BUNKALL, Post Office, Dersingham, Norfolk.
IDEAL GOVERNMENT—"CUSTODIANS"—WHO CAN "SAVE."
Miss I. CHANDLER, 54, Dean Street, Swindon.
WHAT NEIGHBOURS THINK—MISSING, TAIL—MOTHER, WINGS.
V. G. H. CLUNE, 7, Strathnairn Street, Roath Park, Cardiff.
ON A STRING—HOUSEWIFE CARRYING FOURTEEN OUNCES.
E. O. CREASE, 73, Broadway Road, Bristol.
TOO OLD—BUT GIVE KINDER EXCUSE.

(Continued on page 6.)

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS"—NO LETTER RESTRICTIONS.

Choose any of the *Examples* printed; then give any **Two, Three,** or **Four Words** having some bearing on the *Examples* chosen, each of which can begin with any letter in the alphabet. These specimens will guide you:—

Example:—THE MIDDLE CLASSES *Bullet*:—VERY SILENT—VERY SOUND.
Example:—THE DOLE *Bullet*:—FEEDS MAN—STARVES MANHOOD.
Example:—HAPPY FAMILY *Bullet*:—"BROOD" WHO DON'T.

ENCLOSE A POSTAL ORDER AT THE RATE OF 6D. FOR EACH COUPON USED.

PLEASE POST EARLY IF YOU CAN. You can help us by posting early, but all "Bullets" entered in time receive the same careful adjudication.

ADDRESS ALL COUPONS TO "Bullets" No. 581, John Bull, Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.).
See Rules on page 6.

EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" No. 581

FOR PEACE
WHAT PRINCE HAS DONE
NATIONAL DEBT
I WONDER WHEN
WANTED
SAID TO HUBBY
INDUSTRIAL ARMY
IF NOBODY TOLD LIES
A MILLION
YOU NEVER KNOW
WELCOME
MAKES A DIFFERENCE
GOOD BUSINESS
IN LOVE'S KINGDOM
OUR FAMILY
KISSES
HEARD IN THE SHOP
CARELESSLY
BY THE FIRE
SHOWED SHE LOVED HIM
MAKING A FORTUNE
RISKY
IF REVOLUTION CAME
BABY'S FUTURE
AS SHE GETS OLDER
THE PICTURES
GROWING
POSSIBLE SOON
NOT NEEDED
WHAT THE STRIKER SAID
TO A MAN
BEST WAY
MAKES WIFE THINK
A WRECK
GOOD FOR HER
HARD
JOY AND SORROW
FOR FUN
JOB I WANT
WHAT IS WAR?

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, Nov. 12.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(581) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 6. With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d.
Signed _____
Address _____

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, Nov. 12.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(581) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 6. With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s.
Signed _____
Address _____

"Bullets" must consist of Two, Three or Four Words.

If you desire to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, Nov. 12.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(581) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 6. With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d.
Signed _____
Address _____

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, Nov. 12.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(581) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 6. With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s.
Signed _____
Address _____

NEXT WEEK "Bullets" Turkeys Increased to 250!

Yeast is life!

Irving's Yeast-Vite Tablets.
A Lightning Pick-me-up.

IRVING'S *Yeast-Vite* TABLETS will relieve

Headache, Neuralgia, etc., in 5 minutes.

Indigestion, Flatulence, in 5 to 10 minutes.

Biliousness, Dizziness, Depression in 10 to 15 minutes.

Disordered Stomach, Liver, etc., in 10 to 20 minutes.

Influenza Colds, Fever, in 24 hours.

The greatest medical discovery of the century! Pure Yeast and Vitamins—No harmful drugs. The gentle fermentation of the Yeast when in contact with the gastric juices of the stomach causes a stimulating, buoyant feeling of extreme vigour. Take a tablet or two and feel fresh and frisky in a few minutes.

HEADACHE, NEURALGIA ETC IN 5 MINUTES.

DIZZINESS, DEPRESSION 10-15 MINUTES

OUR GUARANTEE Obtain a 1/3 bottle from your Chemist. If your health does not improve perceptibly post us the empty bottle and we will refund your money immediately.

£100 Cash will be paid to anyone proving that the following extracts from unsolicited testimonials are not genuine. We have received nearly 30,000 letters from satisfied users, in less than two years which are open to inspection.

24116—Dr. T. V. N.: I am not guilty of the slightest exaggeration when I tell you that the results from Yeast-Vite were simply astonishing. Severe cases of Asthenia (general weakness). Kindly send supplies to the four hospitals mentioned herewith.

24111—Mr. B., S.R.N., C.S., M.M.G.: "Up to the present Yeast-Vite tablets have never failed. I have given them in cases where all other remedies failed. Many of my patients would not be without them."

17013—Dr. N. writes: "I am prescribing the tablets regularly. Please send a box to my brother (invoice to me), as I want him to take the treatment."

18284—Dr. P.: "I find the tablets an excellent tonic and would thank you for a further supply to distribute among my patients."

25333—I thought you might be interested in results of my tests. Two influenza cases quickly cured. Tem. 104 brought to normal in 12 hours. Several headache patients—pain disappeared almost instantly.

21084—Mother was so run down, nervous and depressed following the death of father, and an attack of influenza left her in a collapsed state with neuralgia. The effect of the very first box of Yeast-Vite was simply marvellous.

26336—I have suffered for years with anæmia, nerves and terrible coughs. Thanks to Yeast-Vite this is the first winter for years that I have not been laid up. I am afraid to be without them.

26323—For 28 years I have suffered terribly with my head and had to give up work. On recommendation I tried Yeast-Vite and am now back at work, and never felt better.

22741—I shall feel eternally grateful to you for enabling me to regain my health and I shall never be without Yeast-Vite in the house. I recommended them to six friends last week.

21007—Suffering with nerves and general run-down conditions, I tried lots of medicines without relief. I tried Yeast-Vite, and can assure you that I feel 100 per cent. better.

21113—A matron of the Girls' Training Homes: I have found the tablets efficacious. I have also tested them thoroughly myself, and have been surprised to prove them to be such a real "lightning pick-me-up." I shall always have them by me in future.

21234—I was miserable, irritable and nervous, but thanks to Yeast-Vite I am better in every way. Please publish this, and let the public know how much good they have done me.

26674—I heartily endorse all your claims. Yeast-Vite tablets are marvellous! I can now eat cheese, pickles, pastry or anything I fancy, and am enjoying relief from dietetic slavery.

22373—Nurse A. L.: I was ready to go into hospital for gastric ulcer. The pain nearly drove me mad. Medicine made it worse, but Yeast-Vite stopped the pain in less than 10 minutes! They are perfectly wonderful! I recommend them to everybody!

Caution.—Avoid rank imitations which have no therapeutic value and are unstamped. Genuine Irving's "Yeast-Vite" tablets are always sealed with Government stamp.

Send postcard for free treatise on Anæmia, Nerves, Skin Blemishes, Constipation, Colds, Insomnia, Rheumatism, Pains, etc.

IRVING'S YEAST-VITE LABORATORIES,
"Cecil House," Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.1

SO BE QUICK IF YOU WANT TO

WIN £1,000 for 1/-

BY ENTERING
THE SILVER STAR COMPETITION
THE

SILVER BALLOT

IN AID OF WORCESTER COLLEGE FOR THE BLIND

(Registered under the Blind Persons Act 1920).

UNDER DISTINGUISHED PATRONAGE.

Worcester College for the Blind is a Great National Institution and the only College in the British Empire which caters for the Higher Education of Blind Boys. Certain structural additions to the buildings of the College are now essential, and it is hoped by means of this competition to obtain sufficient funds to carry them out. So take as many tickets as you can afford, happy in the thought that you are helping a most deserving cause and at the same time stand to win a large sum of money for yourself.

In this Competition the following are offered:—

FIRST PRIZE	SECOND PRIZE	THIRD PRIZE
£1,000	£500	£200

And over Three Hundred others all well worth winning.

The Prize Money is on deposit with the National Provincial Bank, Ltd., 25, Shaftesbury Avenue, W.1.

ALL WINNERS WILL BE PAID IN CASH.
ALL PRIZES MUST BE WON.

TICKETS 1/- EACH. 6 for 5/-

OBTAINABLE BY POSTING COUPON BELOW.

To the Hon. Treasurer,
SILVER STAR COMPETITION,
Palace Chambers, Westminster, S.W. 1.

Please send me.....tickets for the Silver Star Competition for which I enclose.....AND STAMPED ADDRESSED ENVELOPE.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

J.B.4. .....

10

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